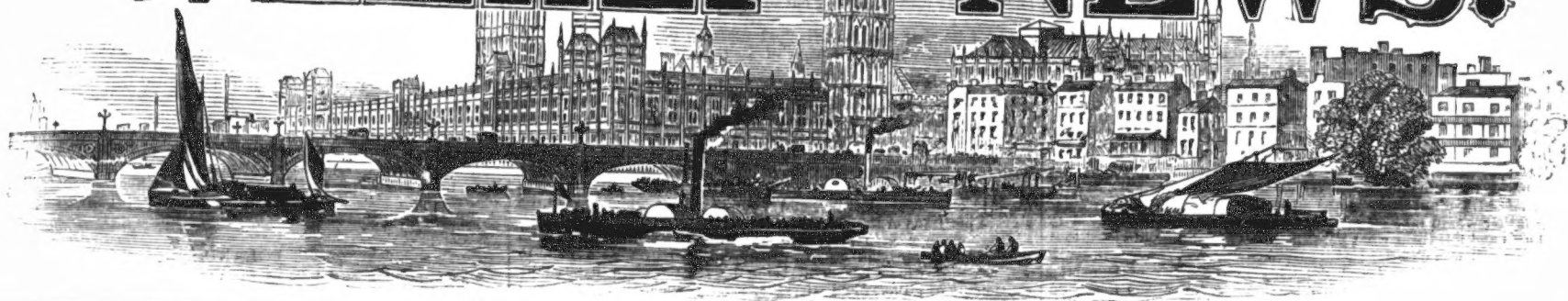


*John Dick 313 Strand*

# PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.



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LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1863.

ONE PENNY.



FALL OF A HOUSE AT ISLINGTON. (See page 387.)



## Notes of the Week.

On Saturday morning, at eleven o'clock, Mr. H. Raffles Walthew, deputy coroner, held an inquiry respecting the suicide of a young woman named Amelia Walker, aged seventeen. Mrs. Amelia Walker, George-street, Homerton, said her daughter had been in service with Mr. Harling, The Retreat, Homerton, for six weeks. Witness saw her daughter about a fortnight before she left her place. She was a good-tempered, moral girl. She had never threatened to destroy herself. When witness saw her she was very happy, and in good spirits. Three weeks afterwards she called at her master's and found she had been discharged three days before. Mrs. Harling had found in her box an egg and two pots of jam. When the girl came in, the jam pots and the egg were laid upon the table, and her master paid her and sent her away. Mr. James Harling said that the deceased was a very good-tempered and well-conducted girl, but latterly there was reason to doubt her honesty. The paraffin and the candles appeared to be short and the tea also. By accident Mrs. Harling found the jam in her box. Witness then spoke to her, and said that it was not the value of the things but the act that he would discharge her for, and he paid her. She did not say one word, and witness never imagined that she would destroy herself. She left, and witness thought she went home. Witness, of course, could not swear that she had taken anything but the things in the box. He never missed money or anything of value. It turned out that the girl was in great dread of her parents. The father would take off his belt and strap her, and she feared to go home and tell them what happened. The mother admitted that the poor girl was chastised with severity whenever she was in fault. J. Nicholls, locksmen, found the body in the water of Duckett's Canal. Her wages were in her pocket. A letter was found on her, of which she had apparently destroyed the address which was written on it—to prevent her friends being traced or discovered. Dr. E. C. Garman said that the deceased had died from drowning. Verdict, "Suicide while in an unsound state of mind."

His Excellency Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne, the newly-appointed ambassador from the Court of the Tuileries, arrived at Albert-gate House on Sunday evening from Paris. His excellency was met at the London-bridge Station by the Marquis de Cadore, charge d'affaires and first secretary of the embassy, Viscount Comades, Viscount Beaumont, M. Caumont de la Force, and M. Roux, Chancellor of the Embassy.

An alarming accident, and one which will, undoubtedly, be attended with the loss of one or more lives, occurred on Monday morning from the falling in of the floor of one of the work-rooms in the manufactory of Mr. John Barran, wholesale clothier, &c., Alfred-street, Boar-lane, Leeds. The extensive premises occupied by Mr. Barran are four storeys in height, exclusive of attic, the lower portion of the building being used as show-rooms, cloth-rooms, &c., whilst in the top storey the sewing machines, &c., are placed. The attics at the top have hitherto been used for various purposes, but the inconvenience of the slanting roof rendered them less useful than they might otherwise have been, and Mr. Barran therefore resolved to replace the slanting with a flat roof. This work was commenced a week ago, and for the convenience of the workmen the bricks and other materials were piled near the centre of the floor. In the room below which extends the length of the premises, about forty young women, engaged at sewing machines, were pursuing their ordinary duty about half-past eleven in the morning, when, without the slightest warning, a third of the floor above them, as well as a large quantity of bricks, fell in, completely burying the five girls who were working in that portion of the room. Efforts were immediately made by the workmen to extricate the injured young women from under the broken bricks and fractured timber, and in about half an hour they were taken out and removed to the infirmary. All of them were bruised and injured severely, and one of them extricated in a dying state without the slightest hope of recovery. She was literally doubled up, her head having been forced between her legs by the falling fragments.

A FRIGHTFUL occurrence took place on Monday evening at the Feltham Station of the Windsor branch of the London and South-Western Railway. One of the porters, a young man named Dowding, had occasion to cross the line, from the down to the up side, just as the down train from London was leaving the station. Being very foggy it is supposed that he did not see the up express train from Reading, which passes Feltham without stopping, and he was unfortunately knocked down by the engine of the approaching train, and killed on the spot, the body being frightfully crushed.

## ANOTHER CONFEDERATE SHIP OF WAR.

The screw gun vessel Victor, recently purchased from the Admiralty, has, as had been expected, passed into the hands of the agents for the Confederate Government. The Victor was formerly attached to the Chatham steam reserve, and on being sold by the Admiralty, was permitted to undergo some repairs under the superintendence of the dockyard officials. It was stated that she was intended for the China trade, and she was ostensibly fitted with that view, while her name was changed to the Scylla, of London. Several suspicious circumstances, however, occurred, and the dockyard officials felt it their duty to make a report to the Admiralty. The result was, the receipt of an order at Sheerness directing her to be stopped. The order, however, arrived a few hours too late. Those in charge of the vessel evidently suspected the intentions of the Government, and had her taken out of the harbour a few nights since. She immediately afterwards hoisted the Confederate flag, and she now sails under the name of the Rappahannock. Her burden is 859 tons, and she is pierced to carry six guns. She is of 350 horse-power, but owing to some defects in the construction of her engines and machinery her rate of steaming was never very high, which was the principal reason for the Admiralty directing her to be sold. On leaving the Nile the Rappahannock sailed direct for Calais Harbour, which she entered as a Confederate privateer. A special report has been made to the Lords of the Admiralty of the circumstances under which she left Sheerness Dockyard. The Customs authorities at Calais have received instructions to allow the Rappahannock to leave whenever her captain pleases.

ROYAL CORRESPONDENCE.—The *Memorial Diplomatique* in the subjoined paragraph acquaints its contemporaries with the method adopted by sovereigns of Europe when corresponding with each other:—"With the exception of sovereigns who may be closely related, monarchs correspond by letters in which only the conclusion, or rather the *courtoisie*, is written with their own hand. The *courtoisie* is the compliment at the foot of letters, and which, when the letter is addressed to an emperor or a king, is always in the terms: 'I am, my brother and cousin, the good brother and cousin of your majesty.' Reciprocity is the rule followed in this respect; but in certain cases, and above all when the letter is countersigned by the Minister of Foreign Affairs, the signature only is in the hand of the sovereign, and the body of the letter is written by the under-secretaries in the cabinet of the minister."

HEALTHY, WEALTHY, AND WISE.—The best way of living on this good old earth is to take care that all the Bread, Puddings and Pastry consumed by you are made with BOWWICK'S BAKING POWDER, as directed by the Queen's private baker; by so doing you will avoid suffering from indigestion, and greatly economise your household expenditure.—[Advertisement.]

## Foreign News.

## FRANCE.

The *Patrie*, hitherto one of the warmest and most confident partisans of the Archduke Maximilian comedy in Mexico, is now constrained to reproduce, without contradiction or comment, a statement of a Vienna journal that the Archduke, in a recent conversation, said that he was still waiting for the "guarantees" which he had told the Mexican deputation he must have, and that a *sine qua non* of his acceptance of the throne was the final disruption of the American Union, and the consolidation of the Confederate States. After this, few, I suppose, will continue to believe in the reiterated assertions of the French journals that this much befooled young man was going out to take possession of his empire in February next.

The following are the principal passages of an article of the *Constitutionnel* upon the refusal of England to join in the Congress:—

"Will England reply by a mere refusal to this frank appeal of a great sovereign in the name of a great people? She would then give too much confirmation to the opinion which has so long been held, viz., that the disturbances of the continent do not displease her, and that instead of trying to appease them, it is her interest to keep them up and ferment them if necessary. She would prove those to be right who assert that her greatness and prosperity are founded on the misfortunes and ruin of other nations. We, the sincere partisans of the English alliance, which might be so fruitful, and become a certain pledge of civilisation and progress for the whole human race, feel cruelly deceived, and regret with pain to see a policy which boasts of being liberal too often inspired by sentiments of jealousy and miserably rivalry, when we see England constantly rejecting the friendly hand we stretch out to her, and oppose everything that appears generous and expedient to us; for it is not only at Rome but also in London that the doctrine of *non possumus* has become a political dogma. The history of the last few years offers striking proofs of this. After the Crimean war, we requested England to join us in favouring the national feeling in the Danubian Principalities; she replied by a refusal. When a weak country, deserving of favour, Montenegro, was to be protected, she still refused as before. The invasion of Piedmont by the armies of Austria, the outrages of the Juarez Government, the civil war in America, which might have been put an end to by mediation, the misfortunes of Poland, which the energetic unanimity of Europe might remove, none of these events could modify the policy of England; she has always in the end replied—No. Lastly, now, at the moment when facts take place in rapid succession, when the preoccupation of all the Governments is to reconcile the execution of treaties with the legitimate aspirations of the people in Denmark, in Italy, and in Poland, should a cold and dry refusal again come to prevent all understanding, place itself in the way of ideas of progress and of justice, and, we are convinced, violently thwart the generous feelings of the English people? Never could a Government have committed a greater fault and more lightly renounced a fine part. What a useful and fruitful character might the British Government, in fact, perform at a congress in 1863 in the midst of so many agitating questions. Placed almost beyond the reach of Continental struggles, what influence and what prestige might she exercise in favour of the liberty of nations."

The *Patrie* is of opinion that Europe has nothing now to do but to act without England. It says:—

"The English alliance would be a lure if it had the effect of embarrassing the action of the States which have accepted it. Who is this, moreover, who does not know that every time that the Powers have attempted the realization of a great project, England, though at first opposing, has yielded before *faits accomplis*? Did she not yield when France, after the affair of Sebastopol, wished to conclude peace by accepting the propositions of Russia? Did she not give way when France, crossing the Alps, laid down at Solferino the bases of the kingdom of Italy? Did she not accede when France, responding to the cries of humanity and of civilization, sent soldiers to Syria? Also, when Spain resolved to avenge her honour on the confines of Morocco against the secret ally of England? When Greece, in revolt against her King, demanded the termination of the protectorate of the Ionian Islands? And under how many other circumstances has not England given way when energy was shown, without speaking of the numerous causes of difference which have lately taken place between London and Washington! Yes, England submits her pride to the power of *faits accomplis*. Let the Congress therefore take place, and the Cabinet of St. James will neither have the force nor the courage to resist. Let Europe unite together to lay the foundations of a new diplomatic edifice, and England will hasten to claim her place under the shade of treaties, discussed and signed without her. If the Congress does not meet, let this be at least shown, that the refusal of Lord Palmerston has had nothing to do with that diplomatic failure; let it also be well proved that the authority exercised by England on the Continent is purely factitious, and that if the commercial and financial bonds formed by her with Europe are respected, those ties exercise no influence on the obedience manifested to the duties contracted by the Powers towards each other."

The iron-clad squadron has returned to Cherbourg, rather before it was expected. The result of the experiments is that, with some modifications in their armament, the spur ships—and especially the *Solferino*—may undertake a cruise. But the iron-clad frigates, which are covered from stem to stern, are unmanageable in a fresh breeze. With a moderate sea on they roll to such an extent as to ship water overboard. Head to sea, their pitching is so violent as to send the masts overboard. As for using their guns, except in smooth water it is impossible. Every device was tried to make them more steady; the guns and shot-racks were shifted to the main deck, and then placed in a pyramid amidships, but this only made matters worse. They may be useful as floating batteries in smooth water, but nothing else. The superiority of the spur ships is ascribed to the absence of plating stem and stern, which makes them more buoyant.

The *Opinion Nationale* expresses itself "satisfied" in reference to Earl Russell's refusal to join the Conference, but takes care to show us what is the nature and amount of its satisfaction:—

"If we are satisfied, the same may be said of our neighbours across the Channel. They are already hoisting Lord Russell on the pedestal of the great men that have best served the selfish interests of England; they imagine, in a word, that he has crowned his career in compelling France to brood over her humiliation after isolating her from all the great political Powers of the Continent. Let us leave our good neighbours and allies time to sleep off the fumes of their also and porter. When they recover, we have no doubt they will detect in the horizon a dark cloud, just now concealed from their view. There is something in Europe besides a tetrarchate whose four poles are at Vienna, Berlin, St. Petersburg, and London. The *Memorial Diplomatique* recommends the Emperor to allow his great idea to ripen, as sooner or later it must bear fruit. It is impossible to display more utter ignorance of what the dignity of our country requires, and of the duties it entails upon the Government—duties which it will fulfil in the name of the principles of which it is the most glorious incarnation in the world. No; France will not subsidize into inaction so long as Poland has not recovered her independence; so long as the fossil policy grounded on the treaties of 1815 shall not have yielded to the new public law inaugurated by our fathers in 1789."

The *Nation* expresses itself in the following terms:—"England must not imagine that her refusal will render the Emperor's scheme abortive. We think [that without England it would be much more successful. We do not admit that because, forsooth, England does not condescend to meet the general wishes of Europe, the adhesions of Russia, Prussia, Sweden, Denmark, Spain, Turkey, Italy, Greece, Portugal, Belgium, and the Pope should be considered as null and void. The sovereigns who share the same views have now mustered—they are the most numerous, and therefore the strongest. Let the others count themselves, and see their weakness. If through their ill-will the peace of Europe be disturbed, the peoples will know with whom the responsibility must rest."

## GERMANY.

Sir Alexander Malet, ambassador to Frankfurt, has received a despatch from Earl Russell on the Schleswig-Holstein question, which he immediately communicated to the Austrian, Prussian, and Bavarian plenipotentiaries. The despatch states that the support given to the hereditary claims of the Prince of Augustenburg to the Duchy of Holstein by several German Governments at the Diet has attracted the notice of the English Government. Earl Russell, therefore, hastens to inform Sir Alexander Malet of the views entertained upon the question by her Britannic Majesty. She would faithfully observe the stipulations of the treaty of May 8, 1852, according to which King Christian IX, of Denmark, possessed hereditary right to all the territories at that time united under the Danish crown. The English Government expected that all the Powers who signed the above-named treaty, or subsequently acceded to it, would share this opinion.

## POLAND.

The following are details of the execution of M. Rawicz, son of one of the principal bankers of Warsaw:—"The unfortunate gentleman was hanged at Siedlec at ten in the morning of the 21st. He had been married a year, and since his arrest his young wife with her infant child, and accompanied by her mother, had taken up her residence in the town where her husband was imprisoned, in order to await the termination of his trial, the melancholy result of which she was far from foreseeing. On the morning of the day for which the execution was fixed, the mayor of the town, accompanied by some officers and soldiers, and preceded by a drum-major, traversed the streets, announcing the hour at which it was to take place. The horrible cortege passed before the windows of the house in which the unfortunate wife was staying; she was at that moment alone with her mother, who knew the painful truth, but had concealed it. The poor wife then, of course, became acquainted with the fact. M. Rawicz lived in the country, and was principally occupied in agricultural pursuits. The improvements which he had successively introduced in the cultivation of his land had formed each of his estates into model farms, and practical schools for the farmers of the neighbourhood. He was much loved by the peasantry, and possessing a character of firmness and justice, besides being moderate in his opinions and circumspect in his conduct, had gained the affection and esteem of all those who knew him. He had taken no active part in the insurrection, and not having been arrested in arms, it is not easy to discover any sufficient motive for the severe sentence inflicted on him. He, no doubt, belonged to the national organization of which all Poles are members, but until now the persons convicted of that offence had only been exiled or detained in prison. Imprisonment and exile are, therefore, now considered insufficient."

## DENMARK.

The *Memorial Diplomatique* contains the following piece of news:—

"Foreseeing that the complications which have arisen with regard to the Danish succession might cause a collision between Germany and Denmark, Earl Russell has hastened to offer the mediation of England to King Christian IX. The latter has, however, declared that this mediation would only appear to him to be efficacious if the Emperor Napoleon's proposal of a Congress were agreed to."

## MADAGASCAR.

News received from Madagascar announces that the draft of a treaty with France was being prepared. The Tanquian had been abolished and liberty of worship granted. The French consul would reside in Madagascar. Commerce would be permitted as a proof of friendship. French vessels would be allowed to anchor in the military port. The Customs duties have been re-established. The Queen will have the power of passing laws.

## AMERICA.

General Meade has been in close consultation with the President, General Halleck, and Mr. Stanton. The questions under discussion are asserted to have been whether the army should go immediately into winter quarters or attack General Lee in his position on the Rapidan, Mr. Lincoln and General Meade being in favour of the latter plan, while General Halleck and Mr. Stanton advocated the former.

A New York journal, in its comments on the situation, says:—"Our latest news from the army of the Potomac is not encouraging. It leads to the suspicion that General Meade is preparing to settle down into winter quarters. Having pushed the Confederate army across the Rapidan, he finds it too strongly entrenched on the heights on the opposite side to attempt to carry them by storm, and so we are apprehensive that he will remain in front of the enemy watching and waiting for an opportunity which may not be offered till the return of spring. In the meantime General Lee may amuse his adversary with a thin line of troops along his front, so disposed as to prevent the appearance of a great army, while sending off 20,000 or 30,000 men to the support of General Bragg."

Confederate despatches from Charleston, via Richmond, state that on the 12th one Monitor and one wooden gunboat shelled the batteries on Sullivan Island for one hour, but with what effect does not appear. The firing upon Fort Sumter from the Federal land batteries and Monitors averaged two shots per minute through the night of the 12th. The casualties were, two men killed and one wounded. On the morning of the 13th the bombardment was still going on, and the firing increasing in rapidity.

The Confederate attack upon General Burnside is confirmed. After five days' fighting, during which Burnside's outposts had been driven back from all points, he has concentrated his entire force within his inner and strongest line of defence at Knoxville, where, at last accounts, he was completely invested by Longstreet, and where it is believed a great battle is being fought.

## JAPAN.

The *Moniteur de l'Armée* has a letter from Yokohama, in Japan, of the 28th of September, which states that at that date the Daimios had been summoned for the end of October to assemble under the direction of Prince Mura, now ninety-five years of age, and the oldest among them. They were at this meeting to adopt resolutions against foreigners, at the instigation of the Mikado, who wishes that a declaration of war should be made with the usual formalities. It is not believed that this plan will succeed, for, though all the Daimios are animated by the same hatred against foreigners, the majority appear unwilling through motives of prudence to assume the offensive. Several of them possess enormous fortunes, and have fleets and armies, and they have all erected batteries on the coast for their defence. The forts are numerous, and are to be found even in the smallest creeks. They are in general



well built and well armed. The Daimios had not held a general meeting since the year 1650, and at that period they refused to adopt measures similar to those demanded of them at present.

Admiral Kuper is strictly reserved upon the subject of what is to be done next; "and it must be confessed," says the *China Mail*, "that the fight at Kowloon has been wonderfully indecisive. It is clear that fights of that sort do not advance matters materially, while they cost us somewhat dear in the lives of officers and men. It is surprising to see the pertinacity with which the Tycoon adheres to his policy of friendliness to foreigners in the face of so much pressure from behind. There is no doubt that a certain wholesome awe of our English power exists in quarters where our resources are best known. It cannot fail to be true that the ambassadors who lately visited Europe have enlightened the authorities on this point, and on that account a party exists in Japan who are slow to counsel an appeal to arms."

#### MURDER AND ATTEMPTED SUICIDE.

On Monday afternoon, Mr. Capron, borough coroner, resumed at the Town Hall, Guildford, the inquest on the body of Elizabeth Waterer, the young woman who was found strangled in a bedroom at the Coachmaker's Arms berberhouse, North-street. The sergeant (Maghe) who was found lying by her side with his throat cut was present, and there was a dense crowd both in the court and outside of the building anxious to catch a glimpse of the supposed murderer. He was in an exceedingly weak state, and looked much dejected. He was placed in a seat by the left side of the coroner, on whose right sat Professor Taylor, of Guy's Hospital, who, at the instance of the Home Secretary, had made an analysis of the contents of the stomach, intestines, &c., of the deceased, it having transpired that she had purchased a packet of poison at a chemist's shop in Guildford, and that both she and Maghe had mutually agreed to take poison. Maghe was in custody of the borough police.

The evidence taken at the previous sittings of the court was then read over by the coroner, who asked Maghe, if he wished to propose any questions to the witnesses, to nod or shake his head. He, however, declined to ask anything.

Professor Taylor was then examined: On the 19th of November I received from Mr. Phillips at Guy's Hospital two separate portions of a human stomach, which have been preserved in rectified spirits.

In answer to the coroner, Professor Taylor said he summed up the result of his examination thus:—That the condition of the heart and lungs of the deceased are more consistent with death by strychnia than any other cause I know of. That the absence of any indentation or laceration of the neck, the absence of effusion of blood in the parts corresponding to the marks seen on the outside, and the absence of any signs of resistance on the body when alive are adverse to the supposition that the deceased died from strangulation. That the absence of congestion of the heart and lungs is also adverse to the theory of suffocation. Professor Taylor added that though he did not wish to make any suggestion, yet he thought that all the facts of the case, as detailed in the evidence, might be explained by the supposition of the deceased having taken one-fourth of the powder. She could not have swallowed much of it, or some colouring matter must have been detected in the stomach or its contents. He could not believe that she died a natural death.

The following letter from Maghe to the sergeant-major of his regiment was then read:—

"Guildford, Nov. 3, 1863.

"Sir,—I presume in sending you these few lines, as I know you are always a good friend. I send you this as a favour. I hope you will accept the same for me, as I am about to take my departure from this world, and I hope you will take care of yourself as regards company, as it has brought me to this ruin; but I give no blame to them. I conclude with my best respects to all the sergeants.

"JOSEPH MAGHE.

"My medal I will forward to the colonel. Good evening."

The next letter read was found in the bedroom at the Coachmaker's Arms, and ran as follows:—

"Guildford, 3rd of the 10th Month.

"Dear Mother,—I think it rather strange your not answering my last letter which I sent. I think it very unkind in you not doing so. In a short time you will send me a long farewell, as I am going with Joseph K. Maghe, of the 3rd Regiment at Aldershot. I think my time will be very short in this world, as I am very much attached to him. I blush when I intimate this to you; but as mother you must know what youth is. As I have made up my mind rather than part with him to partake of some deadly draught. But do not blame him for this; as you will see in the news of the *Times* or hear of both our names, very likely he will get the blame of this; but I hope as regards my declaration you will contradict it. Dear mother, I now kindly bid you all farewell, and as we shall not meet in this world, I hope we shall in the world to come. My boxes is at the Guildford Railway Station, there is two in number. If you will go there you can have them. There is also a dress at my place, which you can ask the cook for. I must conclude at present. Good evening, with my best respects to all inquiring friends. May God in his infinite mercy direct you all, is the wish of your ever-loving and affectionate daughter,

"ELIZABETH WATERER."

A letter to the coroner, written by Maghe at the Union workhouse, and handed to P. C. Marshall, was next read:—

"I do not know what to write what you may ask for; shall I put this day, the 26th of the month. Where am I going after that? I may let you know that we both partook of the poison at the same time; but the poison that I took, that she gave me, she got at another shop. It had a blue cover. Half an hour afterwards she was dead. I think it was the night of the 3rd. We both said, as she would not leave me, we would die together. She died in my arms. On the Tuesday evening she had a rope-cord on her neck when I came up-stairs. At night we both took the poison in some gin, at 5.30. We both sent, at least left, a letter to both our mothers on the table. I don't wish any one to see this. Dear friends, I do not care. I wish to God I had went with her.

"JOSEPH MAGHE."

This being the whole of the evidence, Maghe was provided with paper and ink, and voluntarily wrote the following statement:—

"Sir,—On the evening of the 3rd the young girl spoken of seemed to be in trouble about the hour of 5.30. I went down stairs for some ale, and when I came up I found a cord-rope wrapped round her neck. I took it off, and before going to bed we both partook of some poison. She afterwards died in my arms. That's all, sir.

"JOSEPH MAGHE."

"Guildford, Nov. 3, 1863."

The Coroner then charged the jury, and they then retired to consider their verdict. They returned, after the lapse of an hour and a quarter into court, and returned the following presentment:—

"We find that the deceased Elizabeth Waterer destroyed her own life on or about the 4th of November instant, and that she was in a sound state of mind at the time. We further find that Joseph Maghe is guilty of aiding and abetting in the same."

This verdict was heard with breathless interest by the crowded court, and with calm composure by Maghe.

The witnesses were then bound over to appear at the next assizes, in the prosecution of Maghe on a charge of "wilful murder."

At the rising of the court the street was quite impassable from the crowds anxious to see the prisoner removed to the cells of the police-station.

The father of the deceased woman was present, and evinced intense emotion when the finding of the jury was delivered.

#### FALL OF A HOUSE AND LOSS OF LIFE.

THE illustration in the front page represents a fearful calamity that recently occurred at Islington. On Islington-green, nearly opposite the statue which has been erected to Sir Hugh Myddelton, there has stood for years past the Three Wheat-sheaves tavern. For the last ten or twelve years this tavern has been under the management of Mr. Deller, whose lease, it was stated to us, expired at Christmas next. It is further said that the ground landlord refused to renew Mr. Deller's lease of the premises unless he agreed to expend a sum of £2,000 in the restoration of them. There were no doubt urgent reasons for having the premises restored. They are adjoining the entrance to the Agricultural Hall from Islington-green, and the propriety of having the old dingy-looking front transformed into a lofty, spacious building, somewhat in harmony with the entrance to the before-mentioned building, just adjoining it, was at once natural. Mr. Deller, however, seems to have declined spending so large a sum of money in restoring the premises, and rather than do so gave up the lease of them, when they were leased to a gentleman of the name of Davis, who agreed to expend the necessary outlay, and to have the premises fitted up in the required style. Mr. Deller accordingly left the premises seven weeks ago, and a contract was entered into between the new tenant and Mr. W. Chapman, builder, of Horse Wharf, Limehouse, for the erection of the new premises.

The building has therefore since that date proceeded with the utmost expedition, workmen being employed upon it not only during the day but during a great portion of the night. The walls were completed and the roof put on some days since, and the interior was being fitted up in the same expeditious manner when the accident occurred which has reduced the whole to a heap of ruins and rubbish. The new building was a great improvement on the old one, being three storeys high, besides a commodious basement, the first storey fronting the green being raised on brick pillars and arched over.

On Thursday, the 26th, when the accident happened, the place was full of workmen, and it is even astonishing that the sacrifice of life is so small. It is impossible to give any idea of the accident, because it was so instantaneous and sudden that everybody was taken unawares; at the same time it may be stated that from the hurried manner in which the building was run up, and from the want of tiers, which in all such undertakings are used to knit the back to the front portion of the erection, the general surmises in the neighbourhood were that it would come down with a crash some morning.

It appears, however, that notwithstanding these surmises, the workmen went about their work on the premises as usual. Some parties state that the building gave indication of its coming down from the bulging out of the front walls, and that warning was given to those inside in consequence; but, however that may be, it had not the effect of averting the lamentable consequences which have ensued. The accident occurred at a quarter to twelve o'clock, when the whole front of the building fell into the street, burying in its fall nearly all the workmen who were employed upon it. Two of those who were at work on the first-floor seem to have been killed instantaneously from the lead of the roof falling upon them, while seven others were taken out of the ruins terribly bruised.

On Monday afternoon, Dr. Lankester, the coroner for Central Middlesex, opened an inquiry at the Landowne Arms, Islington-green, into the circumstances attending the death of William Peake, carpenter, aged twenty-seven, and Joseph Pearce, carpenter, aged thirty-seven. The inquiry excited great interest, and the room was densely crowded by the parochial authorities and tradesmen of the district. Mr. Layton, vestry clerk, of Islington, attended on behalf of the parochial authorities, Mr. Tindal Atkinson, barrister, on behalf of Mr. Chapman, the builder, and Mr. Bradlaugh, solicitor, on behalf of Mr. Williams, the architect. The jury having been sworn, proceeded to view the bodies lying at Mr. Stone's, the undertaker's, at Islington-green.

The Coroner said that before any witnesses were examined, as this was a most important inquiry, it would be desirable that the jury should inspect the ruins where the accident occurred; as, if they were of opinion that there had been any neglect on the part of any persons concerned in the erection of the building, and they could fix the responsibility, they could, if they pleased, return a verdict of manslaughter against the person or persons so blameable.

The jury then, acting on the suggestion of the coroner, proceeded to the premises, of which they made a most minute inspection, being much assisted in their object by their foreman, Mr. Dennis, who is himself a builder.

On the return of the jury, the room, though large, had become so excessively crowded, that the coroner suggested an adjournment to the music hall on the establishment, which was at once placed at the disposal of the coroner by Mr. Sam Collins, the proprietor.

The Coroner said he would first take evidence as to identification.

Henry Pearce, Lancaster Cottages, Richmond, said he was a brother of the deceased Joseph Pearce, who was about thirty-six years of age. He was a carpenter. Know nothing as to the cause of the death of his brother beyond what he had seen in the newspapers. Had seen the body lying at Mr. Stone's, the undertaker, and identified it as that of his brother. He was a married man, and had six children.

The witness, in reply to the coroner, said that he was not in a position to employ professional assistance; he, however, suggested that as the builder, the architect, and other parties had the aid of professional gentlemen, it was but right that the families of the deceased and injured men should be represented, and he thought the committee now sitting in the parish to raise subscriptions could not do better than devote a portion of their funds to providing a professional gentleman to watch the case for the friends of the deceased.

George Peake, builder, of Oxford, identified the body of John Peake as his son, who was a carpenter.

Mr. John Baker, 256, Hatton-garden, a retired builder, deposed that he was passing in front of the premises on the Thursday morning, and meeting with two friends opposite the gateway of the Agricultural Hall, stopped to speak with them. While doing so he was alarmed by a sudden fall of bricks from the corner of the building, which knocked down a child belonging to one of his friends. He at the same time heard a tremendous crash, and ran up the archway of the hall, thinking it was the front of the archway giving way. He then found that it was the front of the Three Wheat-sheaves that had fallen in. There appeared to be great confusion amongst the workmen, and some were busy in endeavouring to extricate those who were buried in the front of the building. Saw three men picked out of the rubbish and taken away in a cab to the hospital. He then went up the archway of the hall to the back of the building, and saw another man taken out of the ruins and sent away in a cab. This was an hour after the accident had occurred. He then saw a Mr. Cuffin with some workmen in the act of throwing a rope over a stack of chimneys to pull it down. Called out to others not to do so, as the falling bricks would injure the men already in the ruins, also the men who were trying to release them. After the last man had been got out alive he saw the legs of a man protruding from the rubbish in the basement of the house. At this time the chimneys he had spoken of were thrown down, and some of the bricks fell on the spot where the man was lying. A gentleman who was present and himself then gave some workmen money to shore up the cross partition wall, which he thought was in a very dangerous state. He then came round to the front of the building, and saw the bodies of the deceased men taken out. There must have been about twelve carloads of rubbish lying on the

bodies of the two men, about four feet in height, and about as much under them. The rubbish consisted principally of bricks and mortar.

Mr. Thomas Rundle said he resided at 12, Pierpoint-row, and was an engineer. His premises were opposite the place of the accident. Hearing a loud crash, he ran over and saw the whole front walls of the new building erected for the Wheat-sheaves had fallen down. He saw through a part of the hoarding that was open the several of the men were lying amongst the brickwork, and he ran in and helped to get some of them out. He then ran to the back and saw a man pinned under some timber, and helped to saw away the timber, and got him out. On subsequently coming to the front he discovered three feet sticking out of the rubbish, and they proved to be the bodies of the two deceased men, and he pointed out where the bodies were to the men who were digging. The party-wall had been pulled down before he discovered the deceased men. There was a breastsummer and lead laying across the heads of these men. Did not see any iron ties. He thought it was a breastsummer from its shape that was across the men's heads.

Mr. John Hollingshead said he resided at 21, Colebrooke-row, close by the place of the accident. He was there about twenty minutes past twelve. He saw the men clearing away the rubbish. They were working very actively for about five minutes, when they called to pull down the party-wall and chimneys on the north side. Saw that pulled down, and it fell as nearly as possible in the centre of the front basement, immediately over the place where the deceased men were taken out. He then went round to the back and found there was no organization for seeking for the men. He then came to the front, but still could find no one to give directions. Nothing was there to rescue the deceased men till about half-past one, when the witness, Rundle, and some others went in and witness followed, and they then discovered the deceased's bodies. They were not got out till a quarter past two. He heard a second and a third fall before the bodies were got out, and was prepared to say that the walls and chimneys might have been pulled down without having been pulled in the direction they were.

The inquiry was adjourned.

#### DESTRUCTION BY FIRE OF A LUNATIC ASYLUM AND LOSS OF LIFE.

A MELANCHOLY catastrophe has just taken place in the Alsne, France, where a great part of the lunatic asylum of Montreuil-sous-Laon has been destroyed by fire and six of its inmates burnt to death. The establishment was full of lunatics of both sexes. Among them was a young man about twenty-five years of age, who was usually kept in a separate cell and with a straight waistcoat on. On the day before the fire he was visited by some of his relatives, who requested the director to release him from that confinement, and as he then appeared more tranquil it was done. The following morning he by some means or other got possession of a chemical match, and at night set fire to his bed, which was soon burnt, and the fire afterwards caught the woodwork, with which all the cells of the violent lunatics are lined, and next burnt through the ceiling to the floor above. Once getting vent, the flames rapidly extended right and left, and spread alarm throughout the place. The keepers and others then rushed to the different cells to get out the inmates, which was a work of great difficulty, as many of them were strapped down to their beds, and after they were set free they had to be carried out by main force. The task was at length accomplished, and the guardians and others were congratulating themselves that no lives had been lost, when, on making another round among the cells, they found that six of the women had rushed back unobserved into the flames, where they met a horrible death. As for the madman who had caused the catastrophe, he was afterwards found running about in the garden singing and appearing highly delighted with what he had done.

#### DEATH FROM STARVATION AND NEGLECT.

On Monday, at noon, Mr. H. Raffles Waltham, deputy coroner, resumed, at the Canning's Head Tavern, Sydney-street, Commercial-road, an inquiry respecting the death of a boy named George Brown, aged six years, alleged to have expired from neglect and starvation. It appeared from the evidence taken on the previous occasion, that Dr. M. B. Garrett was called in to see the deceased on the 16th inst., and found him extremely emaciated and almost pulseless. The child was excessively dirty, and there was scarcely any covering over him but a dirty rag, which the mother called a shirt. There had been great neglect, and the child had not received proper nourishment. The doctor ordered flannels to be made for the child, but they were only got ten days afterwards, when the child was actually dying. Dr. Garrett gave it as his opinion that if the child had received proper nourishment and care it would have been alive now. On the other hand, Mrs. Brown, the mother, who lived at No. 23, Sydney-street, said that the child could not swallow solid food, but that she administered large quantities of wine, &c. The child had been, she said, ill for five weeks. A Mrs. Bruden, who lived in the same house, gave similar evidence, but admitted that she never saw nourishment given to the child before Dr. Garrett was called in; and she also stated that the flannel that was ordered was not got until deceased was dying. The father of the child was an engineer, in receipt of 36s. a-week.

John Brown, father of the child, said that he directed his wife to get wine and other nourishment for the deceased, and it was got. She gave the child the nourishment. The child had been more or less weakly since he had the small-pox, in August. Witness often, when his wife thought he was asleep, remained awake at night to watch the case, to see if the child was properly attended to and cared for.

Coroner: Why should you sham sleeping if you believed the child was properly nourished?

Witness said, because he and his wife had not been friends for some months. So far as he knew, his wife was sober. He only saw her drunk once in twenty years. The child could not swallow. He admitted that his wife did not keep his children tidy, but she gave them, perhaps, too much eatables. There were two inquests on other children of witness's. In one case the child was drowned, in the other he believed the death was from a teething fit.

Mrs. Brown, recalled, said that though she only got the new flannel on the day the child died, she had put flannel on before, but the child would not suffer it to remain on.

The Coroner then summed up, and said that with the evidence of the parents and brother of the child that the deceased could not swallow, it was only fair to assume that the child was not starved through wilful neglect. A verdict of manslaughter would not stand in the face of such evidence. There had, however, been some inattention on the part of the mother. The jury returned a verdict of "Death from starvation, from inability to swallow nourishment," and they expressed an opinion that the mother was censurable for neglect.

Consumption, which is the plague of England, is always brought on by the neglect of little coughs and slight colds. Hall's Lung Restorer cures coughs, colds, asthma, sore throats, hoarseness, bronchitis, and consumption, is the testimony of thousands fully proves. W. Baldwin, Wigan, says, "Two 4s. 6d. bottles cured me when given up by all the doctors in the last stage of consumption." Prepared by T. Hall, Chemist, 6, Commercial-street, City side, Great Eastern Terminus, London, N.E. Sold in bottles, at 1s. 1d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s. each, by most chemists. Any not having it in stock can procure it from any of the medicine warehouses.—[Advertisement]

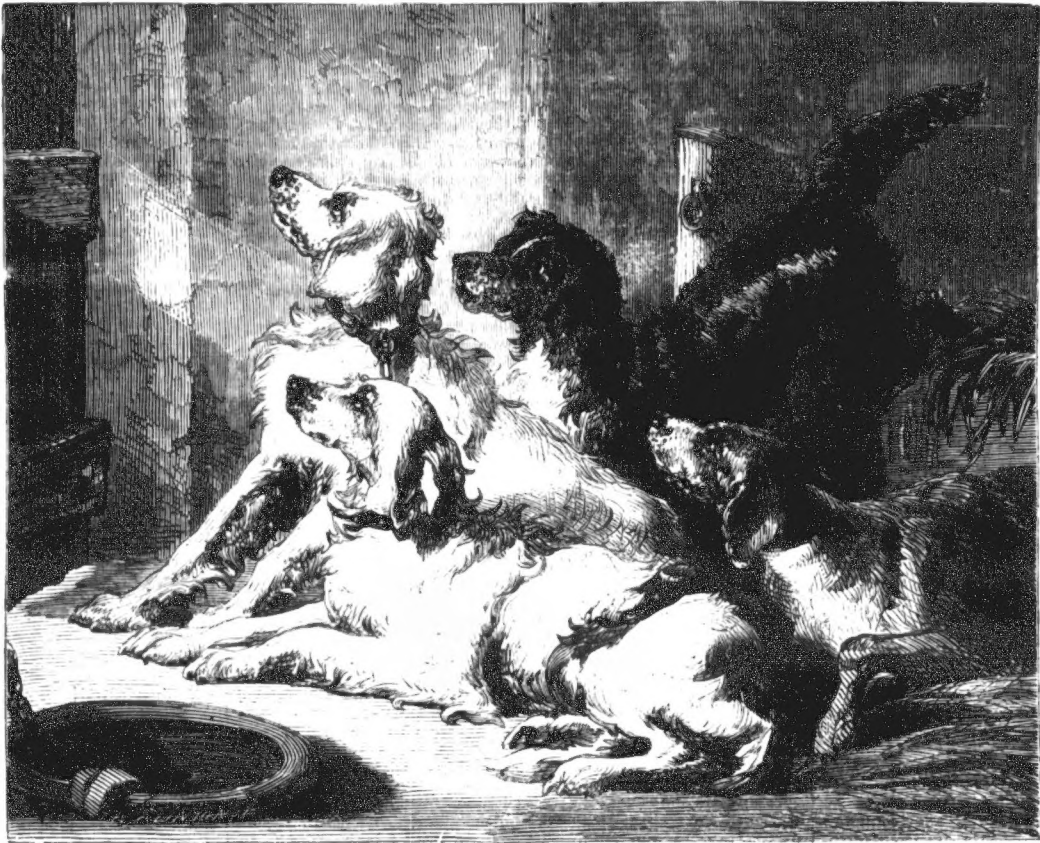


## "MORNING."

HERE is the interior of a kennel, the inmates of which, after a hard day's run yesterday mayhap, have been forced to content themselves with a scanty supper of meat and meal. They have probably spent the night, half in dreams of the last chase, and half wrangling among themselves as to the prospect of, and best positions for obtaining, the morning feed they now so impatiently anticipate. At last it comes; and they, with genuine canine instinct, retreat from the door, knowing well that it opens inwards; that their impatient gathering at its foot can only defeat their common object, and delay the long-desired food,—which delay, be it but a moment, ill agrees with the urgencies of their appetites.

Then they come, bounding and leaping over one another, to the nearest verge of the ring thus kept by common consent. With eager eyes, glittering with impatience and hunger, they shift places with one another, now here now there, each thinking to secure himself a better place. The hasty black dog, who, despite the noise, has a little over-slept himself, being of a phlegmatic and lethargic disposition, and therefore a little late at breakfast, springs over his companions in all the hurry of just-awakened appetite. The foremost animal, who crouches with lady-like placidity, waits sharp and hopeful, with pricked ears and open mouth—a wise individual this for knowing the advantages of a still tongue. The haste of one has made him stumble in his progress, like many a wiser animal, biped, or quadruped. With yelping whine, the large dog at the back pulls powerfully at the leash, impatiently protruding his claws, as if in anticipation of the tearing and rending at the meat he longs so much for.

Meat there surely will not come for their breakfast, but a large tub of oatmeal—hot, moreover, so as to warn off their noses from its steaming surface; while its provoking fumes render more furious the desire for food, until at last the lapping tongues will be stayed no longer, but dip into it regardless of scald and burn, and the hardest-throated animal gets the best filled. They thrust themselves round the margin of the tub in a compact circle shoulder to shoulder, as Highlanders should; hastily devour, without stint, the frugal breakfast—only an occasional snarl at one overweening dog or other; their bodies ranged outwards like the spokes of a wheel, and their tails vibrating an irregular beat from side to side, not very unlike the wagging pendulums of a score of going timepieces in a German clockmaker's shop.



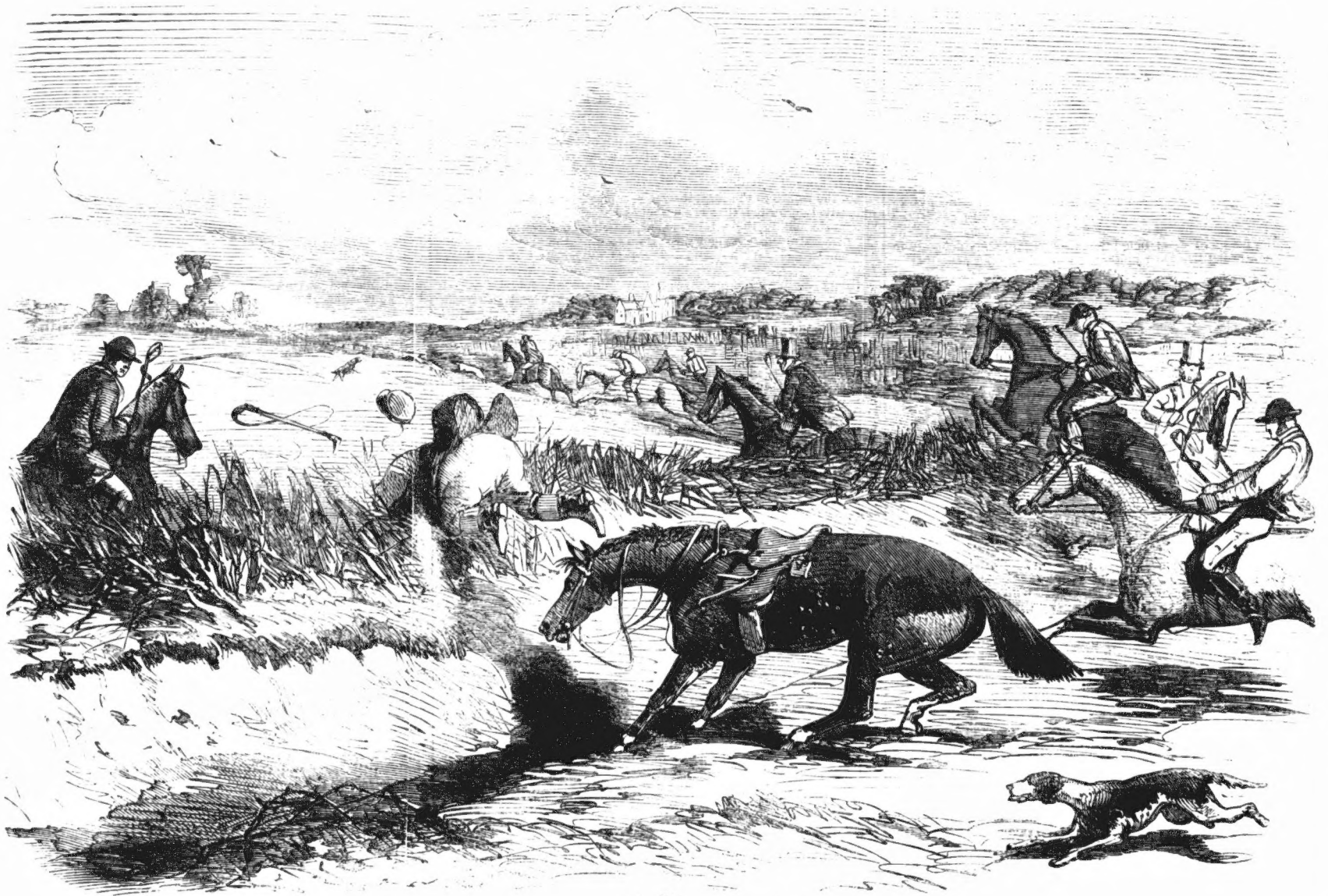
WATCHING FOR MORNING.

## SKETCHES IN THE HUNTING-FIELD.—No. 1.

WE this week present our readers with No 1 of "Sketches in the Hunting-field." The illustration of the "dogs watching for morning," will shortly prepare them for the hunting-field, and soon, with dogs and nags, we are preparing for the start. On this occasion, a jolly but by no means aristocratic party had met at old Sir Writton's—some of the guests, however, had never crossed a hunter before; yet, as the frost had broken up, and the North Warwickshire met in the neighbourhood, we anticipated fine fun with Master Reynard. Tuesdays and Fridays were the days of the week, and on the first of them, to our astonishment, as we were all standing in the hall waiting for the nags to be brought round,

pulled him out and set him on the nag again, and led him home. Old Simmonds never left his bed for three days.

THE London Rifle Brigade and the London Scottish Rifles both met in great force on Saturday—the first at the Crystal Palace, the second at Westminster Hall—for the distribution of prizes. In both cases the prizes were presented by the wives of the lieutenant-colonels of the regiment, and in both the lieutenant-colonels congratulated their corps on the healthy and efficient state in which they were. Lord Elcho stated that Sir Hope Grant had consented to become the colonel of the Scottish Rifles, in place of the late Lord Clyde.



HUNTING SKETCHES.—NO. 1.

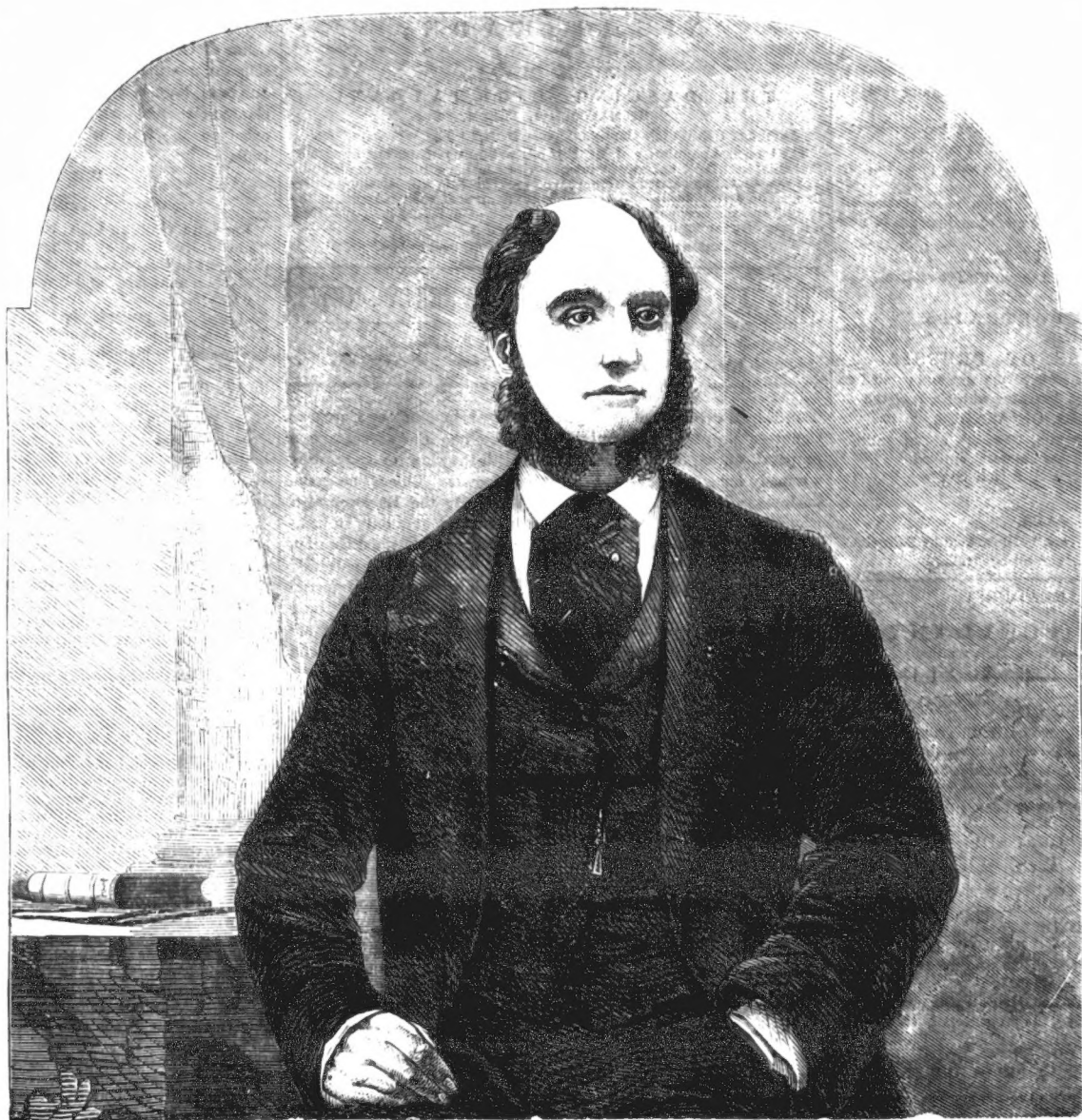


## JUDGE WILDE.

THE portrait in page is that of Sir J. P. Wilde, Judge of the Court of Probate and Divorce. Judge Wilde, on the death of the late Sir Crosswell Crosswell, was the junior baron of the Exchequer, and one of the youngest judges on the bench. He has the reputation of being a sound lawyer and a shrewd man, but his appointment to the vacant judgeship was considered a somewhat singular one, as for some time past Judge Wilde's health had been so indifferent that he was frequently compelled to be absent from the bench, both at the assizes and in London. His judgments have hitherto been irreproachable, and there is every reason to believe that, should Judge Wilde's health support the labours of the Divorce Court, he will prove a worthy successor of Justice Crosswell.

## SCENE FROM THE NEW DRAMA OF "THE CHIMES."

THE success of the dramatization of the beautiful tale of "The Chimes," which appeared in the popular periodical of Bow Bells, is sufficient to warrant us giving an illustration of one among the many beautiful scenes with which the drama abounds. The subject we have selected is the meeting of the lovers, in the first act; and although the whole of the theatres where the drama has been enacted may not have carried out the principal details so faithfully as here given, still, in the majority of instances, our engraving will be readily recognised. The plot of the story as dramatized we gave a short time since, rendering it therefore unnecessary to repeat it here. Those who have not read the touching and beautiful story, we recommend them to LOW BELLS; and those who would see the story still further carried out by means of beautiful scenery, we recommend them to the nearest theatre where the drama is being nightly received with the utmost satisfaction and applause.



JUDGE WILDE.

## FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

AMONGST the materials in favour this winter, plush will hold a high place; not the old-fashioned plush, but one with a shorter pile. It is used for bonnets, and also for dresses, so that one may have a whole toilette to match. Plush dresses are intended for visiting toilette; for this purpose, also, velvet, moire antique, and even satin are worn. In pale shades, they are most suitable for dinner or soiree dress. They should be low-bodied, either with or without a fichu or vest of lace. The colours preferred for day are green and blue plaid, and all shades of brown. The bonnets of the present season are worn moderately high; very close at the sides. The Mary Stuart is no longer admissible. They are generally, indeed almost always, made with a mixture of materials. Plaid trimming for bonnets is still much in favour, and will, we think, continue to be so during the winter. It is certainly very pretty on either a black or white bonnet. White and plain coloured satin capotes are gaining favour. They are trimmed with flowers, or feathers and lace, or even simply with lace. The strings must be of satin ribbon. White and coloured plush bonnets are also gaining favour. The plush used has a very short pile, and is therefore more durable than that used formerly.—*Le Follet.*

AN absurd effect was produced one night last week at Marseilles, where they were playing the "Huguenots." When the soldiers tried to fire on Marcel, Valentine, and Raoul, in the last act, it was found that the powder had not been put into their muskets; naturally the caps alone exploded; but this did not prevent Valentine and Raoul falling down dead, amidst the roars of the audience. Marcel, an older soldier, stood up like a man till a scene-shifter took a shot at him from the slips, when he fell over the bodies of his prematurely deceased comrades upon the group.



SCENE FROM "THE CHIMES," NOW PERFORMING AT THE VICTORIA THEATRE.



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to be continued in Weekly Penny Numbers and Monthly Sixpenny Parts. The popularity of this work is unparalleled, the proprietors having issued upwards of

ONE MILLION COPIES

NOTICE:—Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4 now Publishing, PRICE ONE PENNY. THREE NUMBERS GIVEN AWAY.

London: 313, Strand.

## CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

D.	D.		A. M.	P. M.
5	S	Mozart, Composer, died, 1792 ... ..	8 44	9 17
6	S	Second Sunday in Advent ... ..	9 51	10 22
7	M	Father Matthew died, 1856 ... ..	10 54	11 25
8	T	Richard Baxter died, 1691 ... ..	11 53	
9	W	Milton born, 1608 ... ..	0 20	0 43
10	T	Gen. Bonm died, 1850 ... ..	1 5	1 30
11	F	Charles XII, of Sweden, killed, 1718 ... ..	1 55	2 16

MOON'S CHANGES.—10th, New Moon, 8h. 24m., a.m.

Sunday Lessons.

MORNING. AFTERNOON.

Isaiah 6; Acts 7, to v. 50. Isaiah 24; Hebrews 12.

## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

\*. All communications for the Editor must contain name and address. Rejected manuscripts will not be returned.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.—THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS and REYNOLDS'S NEWSPAPER sent post free to any part of the United Kingdom for three penny postage stamps. Persons wishing to subscribe for a quarter, so as to receive the two newspapers through the post, may remit a subscription of 3s. 3d. to Mr. JOHN DICKS, at the Office, 313, Strand.

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\*. Correspondents finding their questions unanswered will understand that we are unable to do so, either from their peculiarity, or that our correspondents with little trouble could readily obtain the information themselves.

R. T.—The Spanish Cortes in great measure corresponds with the Parliament of Great Britain, being composed of the nobility, clergy, and representatives of cities.

W. M.—George III. and Queen Charlotte were present at the celebration of the Handel Festival at Westminster Abbey in the year 1784. The Queen was so overcome by the grand effect of the "Hallelujah Chorus" that she fainted.

YOUNG POET.—The earliest historical record of the appointment of Poet Laureate at the English Court appears in the reign of Edward IV. The distinction was conferred on John Kay. Only a translation from the Latin of the "Siege of Rhodes" we believe, is left of his works.

F. W.—Frederick the Great was the first who suggested the partition of Poland. A treaty to this effect was signed at St. Petersburg in 1772. The Poles then made an attempt to protect their liberty. The final division of Poland among the three Powers, Russia securing the greatest portion, was gradually effected. The last King of Poland was Stanislaus Augustus Poniatowski.

E. T.—The President steamer sailed from New York on her last and fatal voyage 11th March, 1848.

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## THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1863.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

THE English Government has fully refused to join the European Congress proposed by Louis Napoleon. The Emperor made a proposal, vague in itself, but framed with the view of suggesting a remedy for what he regards as pressing evils. This was a grave business. When an Emperor, and especially the Emperor of a friendly nation, puts forth a project, hitherto found only in pamphlets, it demands a serious deliberation. That serious deliberation it received at the hands of her Majesty's Government, and naturally practical statesmen were bound to inquire whether his imperial Majesty had in view some specific plan. Congresses before a war are *prima facie* objectionable, as liable to breed the woes they are supposed to destroy in the germ. But it was just possible that one who had maturely considered the project might have a case so strong, and a plan so wise, that it would be desirable to hear the first, and meet and consider the second. It did not appear likely that there was in Paris any definite scheme—indeed, the Emperor in his speech said expressly that, being a disinterested party, he had none. And as to the case which should give rise to the plan of remedy, the state of Europe is an open book, and there is little hidden from the eyes of those who take the trouble to inquire. Still, Lord Russell, on behalf of her Majesty's Government, was bound to point out the difficulties that would attend the working of a general Congress without fixed objects, and to ask for definite information respecting the objects and the mode by which the difficulties were to be overcome. There was not only the objection to an alteration, so great as that proposed, in the method of meeting evils, but there was the fact that many provisions of the Treaty of 1815, which was supposed to have crumbled away, remain in full force. When Lord Russell pointed out these facts, and requested a further development of the views of France, M. Drouyn de L'Huys answered by repeating that Europe was in commotion; that there were causes in dispute which any day might divide Europe into two camps; that France was only indirectly affected thereby, and might take or refrain from taking any part in wars that might arise out of them; that the Emperor did not step forward as an arbiter, because he had no right to do so, and because he wished to enter on a consideration of the troubles of Europe free from every engagement, and in a spirit of sincere impartiality. Then, in addition to the changes in the past, which the French Government thinks it would be well to consider afresh, M. Drouyn de L'Huys pointed out several matters—the affairs of Italy, of Poland, of Denmark and Germany, and of Turkey, which a Congress would do well to take up, consider, and settle on such a footing as would be the foundation for a lasting peace. Lord Russell, in rejoinder, discusses the points raised by the French Secretary for Foreign Affairs. While admitting that the causes of danger exist, Lord Russell very justly regards the question—would a general Congress be likely to furnish a peaceful solution?—as the question lying at the root of the whole matter. Point by point he examines the several heads, and comes to the opinion that a Congress would not be likely to accomplish the end desired.

THE reported death of Lord Elgin reminds us of the price we pay for our great and envied ascendancy in Asia. How fast they fall these servants of England in the East—Wilson and Ward, Elphinstone and Canning, Dalhousie, and now Elgin; not to speak of the gallant thousands that have perished on our Indian battle-fields, in the black depths of the Khyber Pass, and during the sombre hours of the Sepoy mutiny! Perhaps, however, this latest sacrifice has been the most deplorable, unless we prefer to parallel it with that of Lord Dalhousie, whose career was not dissimilar to that of the able, accomplished, and high-spirited successor of Earl Canning. It fell to the lot of Lord Elgin to deal almost exclusively with public troubles—difficulties in the West Indies, discontent in Canada, war in China and in India, with a general disorganization of politics, if not of society. The toils of such a life must have been tremendous. The history of our brilliant dominion in the East has, it must be confessed, been written in English blood. One long, continuous line of graves stretches from the Black Hole of Calcutta to the slopes of the Afghan hills, where even now our countrymen are fighting. How many have perished, with Peel and Havelock, amid the din of war; how many, with Elgin and Wilson, in the harness of official life; and how many, with Dalhousie and Canning, have worn themselves out, and come home only to die? It would be no easy task to compute the number of lives, military and civilian, which have been laid down, in order that we might become the successors of the Moguls, the conquerors of the Maharrattas, and the creators of an European civilization in the distant East. But, on the other hand, what thousands of fortunes have been built up on the bloodstained foundation, and what a change is passing over the spirit of Asia. These imperial viceroys stand forward in the annals of the world far more conspicuous and illustrious than many a line of kings. For who would not prefer to wield the vicarious sceptres which extend from Comorin to Cashmere, and from Beloochistan to Nepal, than ape the antics of high state in one of the petty palaces of Germany? It was not given to Lord Elgin to hold his magnificent viceroyalty against the mighty men and nations from whom we wrested the dominions which Alexander envied and which Timour ruled,

and which are now administered from the first-floor of an unfurnished hotel in Victoria-street. It was not given to him to send forth armies that came back to Calcutta with torn flags and shattered ranks, having added thousands of miles to the realm of Great Britain; but, during his short career, he saw the slopes of mountains sprinkled with tea shrubberies—he saw water caravans launched upon the Indus—he saw Sea Island cotton planted far and wide—and his energies gave a powerful impulse to the work which at last promises a real civilization to India.

## NEW MUSIC.

London: Cox and Co., New Burlington-street. "Warblings at Noon." By Bridget Richards. A graceful and flowing accompaniment to the two previous productions of this popular composer, "Warblings at Eve" and "Warblings at Dawn."

"Shyrie Bawn." Words by Mrs. Crawford; music by W. T. Wrighton. A remarkably pretty Irish ballad, flowing with melody. The words in particular are expressive and poetic, and the composer has done them justice. The ballad will become popular.

"The Music of Her Voice." Words by J. E. Carpenter, music by W. T. Wrighton. The words of this ballad, although not so poetic as the former, are simple and pretty; but the music is more expressive. This ballad, it is said, will be heard with effect.

"Greek March." This stirring composition, from Rossini's celebrated "Siege of Corinth," as now arranged for the pianoforte, by H. Heriz, will be most acceptable to every performer on that instrument. All the beauties are especially retained.

## NEW BOOKS.

"The New Zealand Handbook; or Guide to the Britain of the South." London: E. Stanford, 6, Charing Cross. No intending emigrant to New Zealand should be without this handbook. It contains full information on every particular desirable to be known, and this is saying much. Indeed, it is a work interesting to every one.

"The Mission of Beauty, and other Poems" will be noticed in our next.

## WARNING TO SCOTCH SETTLERS IN IRELAND.

A most disgraceful and diabolical outrage was on Saturday night last perpetrated upon a Scotch tenant-farmer, near Tullamore, in King's County. The circumstances are these:—Mr. Richardson, who was at one time a farmer near Perth, became tenant some years ago of a farm in the county mentioned, in the mistaken belief that the small rent of land and cost of labour in Ireland would compensate in some degree for the heavier rent he was paying in Perthshire. His brother, Mr. George Richardson, who was also a farmer in Perthshire, lately gave up his farm there, and proceeded last week to join his brother in the occupation of the farm in Ireland. Upon Saturday evening last, to inaugurate their coming among the people, and their entry upon a new house which had been built for them, they gave a supper to the labourers upon the farm. About half-past nine, after the workmen had gone, Mr. George happened to go out, and returned a few minutes afterwards, saying that there were fifteen men walking about the door. John went out and asked what they wanted. "Nothing particular," was the reply. While he was talking to two of them, the other ruffians rushed into the house, flinging open the door of the room where the women and children were. It was immediately seen that they were armed with guns and pistols. They ordered every one in the house to sit down, and on being asked by George what they wanted, they demanded the gun, which had, however, been previously lent to a neighbour. Seeing, however, that danger was to be apprehended, John said to two of them that, if they would go away, he would give them the pistols which were in his house. Two of the men accompanied him to his house, which is only a few yards distant from the new one. Upon entering the kitchen, followed by the men, one of them struck him on the back part of his head. He was not felled to the ground by the blow, but slid down by the side of a press. They then told Mr. Richardson to turn away his face, but he replied that he would look at his assassins as long as he had life. One of the blackguards then said to his companions, "Put out the candle." A shot was then fired, which, however, most fortunately missed Mr. Richardson, the ball entering the press door immediately above where he was lying. The fellows, in the belief that he was dead, deliberately entered another room and took possession of bottles containing whisky, and then, calling upon their companions in the other house, decamped. The police were soon upon the ground, and every exertion is being made by the authorities to bring the perpetrators to punishment; but it may be death to any one who will give evidence which may lead to conviction. Not satisfied by the cowardly outrage which they had committed, the same party proceeded to the house of Mr. Wilson, shepherd (another Scotchman), struck him severely, and carried off his pistols. There is no obvious way of accounting for either of these outrages. Mr. Richardson has deprived no man of his land, but has carried on the operations of his farm upon the Scotch system of tillage, by which he has given increased employment to the people, much to his own loss.—*Scotsman.*

ZULU CUSTOMS.—A hardy and industrious section of the fatherland are slowly but surely extending, with true Anglo-Saxon enterprise, trade, commerce, and civilisation in the neighbourhood of Natal. The nomadic population by which the towns are surrounded are at peace with each other, and prosperity seems to beckon enterprise to step in that direction. The Zulus, however, are addicted to certain unpleasant customs, which are rather repugnant to our sense of what is right, and considerable excitement has been caused by a poor girl having been roasted to death by her cruel father, because she had forsaken the harem of a hoary polygamist, who had bought her with the wonted number of cattle, for a young man to whom it appears she was tenderly attached.—*Port Natal Paper.*

NO HOME COMPLETE WITHOUT A WILLCOX AND GIBBS SEWING MACHINE.—Simple, compact, efficient, durable and noiseless. Warranted to fulfil all the requirements of a perfect family machine. Prospectus free on application at No. 135, Regent-street. [Advertisement.]

FOR EVERY HOME AN EXCELSIOR FAMILY SEWING AND EMERGENCY MACHINE is the simplest, cheapest, and best; doing every variety of domestic and fancy work in a superior manner. Prospectus free. Whight and Manns, 143, Holborn East. Manufactory, Ipswich.—[Advertisement.]

TO CONSUMPTIVES.—Dr. H. James, a retired physician, continues to mail, free of charge to all who desire it, the copy of the prescription by which his daughter was restored to perfect health from confirmed consumption, after having been given up by the physicians and despaired of by her father. Sent free to all on receipt of one stamp. Address, O. P. Brown, Secretary, No. 4, King street, Covent-garden, London.—[Advertisement.]

THE question is constantly asked, which is the best sewing machine? The answer we give is that which will do best the greatest variety of work. Most will do nothing but plain sewing; but there are some which equally apply to plain and ornamental work. Those of Newton, Wilson, & Co., of 144, High Holborn, are the best of his description.—[Advertisement.]



## General News.

It is positively stated that Radama, the King of Madagascar, who was reported to have been assassinated, is yet alive and in a place of safety.

DANIEL BARROW, gamekeeper, in the service of the Duke of Sutherland at Lillishall, a few days ago, trapped a hawk of the buzzard kind, which measures four feet five inches across the wings. The bird is very slightly injured, and feeds freely from the hand. This keeper has within the last twelve months taken fifty-seven birds by gin and trap.

At MILAN lately a preacher, in describing the day of judgment to his congregation, gratified them with the following choice piece of history:—"And St. Jerome, that great saint, used also to read profane books in his youth; but having one day visited the Vatican and seen the terrible 'Last Judgment' painted by Raphael, fled from home and concealed himself in a cavern to strike his bosom with a stone!" St. Jerome was born in the year 331, and Raphael in 1483.—*Galignani.*

The body of Fielder, the poor Warsash fisherman drowned in Southampton-water a few weeks ago, was found floating headless near Calshot Castle, not far from the spot where he was drowned.

The Bishop of Salisbury has licensed the Rev. Bryan King, formerly of St. George's-in-the-East, to the rectory of Avebury, near Winterbourne Moncton, Wilts, vacant by the cession of the Rev. John Lockhart Ross. The living of Avebury is in the presentation of the Crown.

DURING a performance at the theatre of Elbow a few evenings since, the gauze dress of Madlle. Hermann, one of the actresses, caught fire from a lamp, and was instantly in flames; but fortunately there was a silk dress underneath which resisted the fire, and there being plenty of help at hand, the young lady escaped with slight injury.

WHAT extraordinary vicissitudes there are in life! Thirty years ago there arrived at Poona (India) a homeless wanderer, driven forth by Persian fanaticism from his country. The fugitive had neither means nor patrons. This quondam exile, since become a merchant prince at Bombay and a prominent benefactor of his adopted country—we allude to David Sassoon, Esq., the founder and promoter of several of the most useful public institutions in the presidency—has just purchased the noble estate at Walton-on-Thames known as Ashley Park, formerly the residence of Sir Henry Fletcher, Bart., for his eldest son, now residing in England. The price paid for the mansion is £50,000. Great preparations are being made on the estate for the reception of the new proprietor.—*Jewish Chronicle.*

HER Majesty the Queen visited on Monday afternoon the Dowager Duchess of Sutherland, at Stafford House, and kindly inquired after Captain Shaw, the chief of the Fire Brigade, who is but slowly recovering from the effects of the accident he recently met with at a fire. Mr. Hewitt, who is attending on the dowager duchess, was instructed to make known to Captain Shaw (on whom he also is attending professionally) her Majesty's kind inquiry.

A NEW YORK letter has the following:—"Edwin James is not content with the legal honours he has earned—he has commenced writing letters upon public affairs, and upon the rights of labour. He will keep his name before the people, and by-and-by he will be rewarded by a seat in Congress, or in one of the best judicial positions in this State."

The trial of a newly-invented description of lamp for lighting railway platforms, goods stations, &c., took place the other evening at the Devonshire street depot of the Great Eastern Railway, in the presence of Captain Elfield and Captain Martindale, who attended from the War-office by order of the Secretary of State for War, and the authorities from all the principal railways in London. The yard of the depot in question is about a quarter of a mile in length; and although four of the new lamps are fixed therein, only two were brought into requisition on the present occasion, the light from which was found amply sufficient to enable the workmen in every part of the yard to dispense with the ordinary hand lamp hitherto in use. Indeed, such was the illuminating power of the light that small print could be read with facility at a distance of forty-five yards; and the scientific gentlemen who witnessed the effect expressed their entire satisfaction with the result of the trial. The lamps are constructed upon the principle invented by Dr. Brown, late a surgeon in the royal navy, and have been fixed under the superintendence of Mr. Sinclair, the chief engineer of the Great Eastern Railway, by whom they were introduced into general use on that line. From the great success attending this new mode of lighting railways, there is very little doubt but that Dr. Brown's invention will ere long entirely supersede the old system upon every railway in the kingdom.

SIR JOHN LAU, NCB, has been appointed the new Governor-General of India.

THE *Breslau Zeitung* gives the following report of a conversation which took place between a Russian colonel and the Polish leader Orlik:—

"The colonel expressed surprise at Orlik and his companions having taken part in a struggle in which their end must have been before their eyes. To this Orlik replied, 'All who go to battle must see death before them just as I do. I can afford death with a quiet conscience, for I have done my duty to my country, while you can only have the consciousness, in your last moments, of having helped in crushing a whole nation, and of having lost your life in a great crime.' The colonel here remarked that it was hardly doing justice to one's country to urge it into a hopeless struggle. 'Our struggle,' answered Orlik, 'is by no means a hopeless one; for by continuing it we shall, sooner or later, drive the enemy out of our country; and what is the life of thousands when given for such a gain?'

"STONEWALL" JACKSON'S GRAVE—"Bury me at Lexington, in the Valley of Virginia." These words are said to have been uttered by that great, good, and lamented man, General T. J. Jackson, just before his death; and, in accordance with his sacred command, all that is mortal of the most renowned and successful military genius that the war or probably modern ages have produced, now lies interred within the walls of the Presbyterian cemetery, located in the south-western suburbs of this delightful village. Nothing marks the spot where his mortal remains lie to distinguish his grave from that of others, save a diminutive Confederate flag not larger than a lady's handkerchief. This tiny emblem is fastened to a staff not more than two feet long, and placed at the head of the grave, and there waves as if to illustrate the modest pretensions of the great hero of the Valley of Virginia. Close by his side a small grave is to be seen, which contains the remains of his child, who died a few years ago, and not far distant is the grave of his first wife, "Elinor, the daughter of George and Julia Junkin," with a plain marble slab at the head. His late residence is situated near the end of the town, and, like everything else planned by him, is modest and unpretending.—*New York Express.*

WHAT will be the end of it? No one knows what may follow the neglect of a slight cough or cold. They are sore-growing evils, and often end in consumption, asthma, and bronchitis. Mr. Wm. Baldwin, Wigan, writes two 4s. 6d. bottles of Hall's Lung Restorer restored me to health after being given up by all the medical men in the last stage of consumption, bought on by neglecting a slight cough. Hall's Lung Restorer is sold in bottles, at 1s. 1d., 2s. 9d., &c., by most chemists, everywhere. Wholesale, from Barclay and Sons, London. Proprietor, T. Hall, 6, Commercial-street, Shore-ditch, London, N.E.—[*Advertisement.*]

## STRANGE CASE OF ALLEGED LUNACY.

An action, Symm v. Fraser and another, was brought in the Court of Queen's Bench, before the Lord Chief Justice. The plaintiff is a lady residing at 5, Oakley-square, Camden-town, and she complained that the defendants and their servants broke into and entered her house, and locked her up, and imprisoned her, under the false pretence that she was of unsound mind, and incapable of managing her own affairs, and that they compelled her to swallow a number of noxious and distasteful drugs. The defendants pleaded that they were "Not guilty," and that what they did was by the leave and license of the plaintiff.

Mr. Chambers opened the following most extraordinary case:—He said that the plaintiff is a widow, residing at No. 5, Oakley-square, Camden-town, and has been a widow since 1858. She resided formerly in Sunderland, and came to London in 1859, when she took a house from Dr. Fraser, one of the defendants, both of whom are medical men, and resided near Oakley-square, and were formerly in partnership. A Mrs. Hill then came to live with the plaintiff, who received her in her house out of charity, but this kindness had been requited with the basest ingratitude on the part of Mrs. Hill. In the month of October, 1861, the plaintiff suffered very much from rheumatism, and as a not unfrequent consequence of that affliction, displayed a great unwillingness to occupying certain postures, and was especially loath to remain long in bed. In December she called in Dr. Andrews, and he called in Dr. Fraser also. They dealt with her in the most inhuman manner; and when she wanted a nurse, sent her "a little active, lively woman," who bustled about, and took the entire management of the house out of the plaintiff's hands, and against her consent. She complained to Dr. Andrews, and he then sent another nurse—a woman with "a strong mind and a strong body," who had been for three years in a lunatic asylum, attending on lunatic ladies. She made her take a quantity of physic, and the plaintiff then went to sleep. When she awoke she was surprised to find "a good big man gazing at her." She remonstrated with him on account of his being there, but to no purpose. In the morning both defendants came, and she appealed to them. A friend, Dr. Barnes, came to see her, but, said the counsel, "a certain *esprit de corps* exists among all medical men, and he may be called on the other side." She was subjected to various acts of cruelty and indecency, and was kept without food. Feeling weak and exhausted in the night, she asked the man who was in her room for some wine, but he refused to give her any. She then asked for a cork-screw, which was also refused, upon which she went down stairs and brought up a bottle of sherry, the neck of which she knocked off. This, the defendant alleged, arose from the plaintiff suffering from delirium tremens; indeed, they accused her of drinking three bottles of sherry. Being unable to obtain access to any of her friends, she procured the assistance of a policeman, who wrote a letter for her to some friends, a Mr. Bennett and his wife, who eventually took her away from her house, and sent her to Bath for the benefit of her health. An imbecile brother had been living with her, and during her illness she had made a will in favour of Mrs. Hill, adjuring her to take care of her brother. This will was witnessed by the male and female keepers who were sent by the defendants, and Dr. Andrews knew of this fact. During the time that they were in charge of her she opened the window and screamed out, but the neighbours, thinking her mad, paid no attention to her. In December, a Mr. Young, a solicitor from Sunderland, had occasion to write to the plaintiff, enclosing a bill of exchange for her endorsement. This letter came into the hands of Dr. Andrews, who got her to endorse the bill, and wrote to Mr. Young, stating that Mrs. Symm was unwell and confined to her room, but that she had requested him to write and enclose to him an order for £1200. The plaintiff went to Bath, but so anxious was she to get away from the house that she left the window open, and her gold watch on the table, which was taken possession of by the policeman. This, the defendants alleged, was the act of an insane person. She remained in Bath for some time, and when she returned was sued in the county court by Dr. Andrews, to whom she paid a small sum rather than endure the annoyance of appearing in court. She asked the defendants to give her the address of the keepers, but they refused to do so, and treated her in a very sneering and defiant manner. Her solicitor then wrote demanding an explanation, &c., to whom Dr. Andrews wrote that he had acted in conformity with well-known medical principles, while Dr. Fraser said that he had nothing to do with the matter.

The plaintiff was called, and she detailed the above facts. Several witnesses were called for the plaintiff, who spoke of her as being abstemious in regard to intoxicating drink. The defence was then opened, and was to the effect that when the defendants were called in they found Mrs. Symm suffering from delirium tremens, and that the keepers were put to take care of her, and to prevent her from drinking more liquor.

Dr. Fraser commenced his evidence by saying that he was first sent to attend the plaintiff on Christmas-eve, 1861. She was, he said, very much excited; in plain words, she was drunk—very drunk. He and Mr. Andrews both agreed as to the cause of her illness, and he approved of the treatment Mr. Andrews had adopted. She was not then in a state of delirium tremens, but only drunk, and they thought that if drink were kept from her she would speedily mend. Between three and four o'clock in the morning he was called again by Mrs. Hill, who said she was afraid she would be murdered if he did not go with her. Eventually he went, and found the plaintiff in the earlier stages of delirium tremens, exhibited by a peculiar tremour, and the nervous turning round suddenly from time to time, as if she saw something. He told her she had been drinking. She replied, that she wanted brandy or rum; it was the only thing that would do her good. Subsequently he saw her several times, at which he gave orders that she was to have no more than one glass of wine every three hours. At one of his visits she staggered on her knees, saying, "Oh, give me a glass of brandy! A hundred pounds for a glass of brandy!" On another occasion he saw her sitting at the head of the kitchen stairs, and heard her talk of cutting her throat. It was then that the plaintiff asked him to send her a better nurse. The one she then had was so frightened she could do nothing. On the evening of the 16th he was surprised to see the man Richard Shears at the plaintiff's house. He had known him as having been employed to attend nervous patients. He gave Shears no orders. The next day the patient seemed to be getting worse, and after consulting with her it was arranged to send for Dr. Barnes. Dr. Barnes approved of their mode of treatment, made no suggestions of alteration, or wrote any prescription. On the following day she was removed up-stairs into a bed-room; she had less tremour and was much better, and spoke more rationally. In answer to a question by the judge, he said that his advice was that her friends should be sent for. He considered she wanted somebody in the house to protect her from doing violence to herself or those about her.

Dr. H. C. Andrews, the other defendant, examined by Mr. Griffiths, stated he was sent for on the morning of the 23rd of December to see Mrs. Symm. She was in the front parlour, walking about in her night-dress, with a velvet cape round her shoulders. He asked her what was the matter. She said she had been dreadfully sick, and was vomiting. Mrs. Hill told him that she had been drinking, and on asking her what she had taken, she said only a little sherry. She went on in a rambling way. He gave directions that she might have a little mutton broth, and less sherry. He called in the evening and found her still very sick. She was very rambling and incoherent in her manner. He saw her again the following morning. She was in much the same state, and at each interview he was convinced she had been drinking. On the 24th he saw her again; Mrs. Young, of Kentish-town, and Mrs.

Hill, her attendant, were present. He found that she had been drinking. Mrs. Young said it was all owing to that cursed drink. Mrs. Symm said yes, it is that. Mr. Andrews continued his evidence, generally confirming the statements made by Dr. Fraser.

George Cousins, 393 S, deposed: On the night after Christmas-day, 1861, I was on duty in Oakley-square. I was fetched between ten and eleven by the plaintiff's brother. When the door was opened a large dog came towards me barking. I turned my light on and he ran away. (Laughter) I saw the plaintiff in the passage. She had a brown dress on over her night-dress. Plaintiff was drunk. She desired me to turn Mrs. Baker, the nurse, out of the house. Mrs. Symm paid her 8s. The parlour was in a very disordered state.

Cross-examined: The plaintiff asked me to witness she paid Mrs. Baker's charge. She said Mrs. Baker was of no use to her.

The Lord Chief Justice: How do you know she was drunk?—Because I have seen a great many women drunk. (Laughter) I was sure she was drunk.

Jane Baker, monthly nurse: I went to the plaintiff's house on the morning of the 26th. I was fetched on the night of the 25th, but I was at a party, and could not go. I found Mrs. Symm in her night-dress in the parlour, sitting in a chair. She had some kind of dress over her shoulders. She seemed much excited, and said she had a bad knee. She appeared to me as if she had been drinking. She said to me, "If the doctor has recommended you I won't have you, for fear you will abide by what he says." I replied, "Oh, very well," and left. Mrs. Taylor came for me about two o'clock the same day. When I got to the house the plaintiff was rolling about the door-mat in the passage. I thought she was in a state of intoxication. Mrs. Taylor, with my assistance, raised her up but could not get her into the parlour. She continued wandering about the passage and rolling against the wall. She continued in the passage the whole of the afternoon. The brother fetched her some wine that day. I purposely upset some of the wine out of the bottles, and glasses. I left between half-past ten and eleven o'clock that night. Plaintiff would not eat anything; all she wanted was something to cool her tongue—she wanted wine. The policeman was sent for, and the plaintiff wished him to turn me out of the house. I was anxious to leave. Whilst in the passage with plaintiff she slapped my face.

Re-examined: Dr. Andrews recommends me as a monthly nurse. I had been in the house from two o'clock till eleven o'clock. When she was intoxicated she asked me my charge. I said 8s. I did not think she would pay it me, but when she gave it to me I put it into my pocket. She was drunk when she paid me, and called the policeman in to witness the payment. The doctor saw her that day with the brown dress on (the dress produced on the first day). The brother that day had two bottles of wine under his coat. He carried them about the house under his coat, and gave his sister wine in a tumbler when she asked for it.

Re-examined: When plaintiff dismissed me she asked me my charge, and I said 8s. per week.

The Lord Chief Justice summed up the case, and the jury immediately returned a verdict for the defendants.

## THE CRAWLEY COURT-MARTIAL.

THE court martial on Colonel Crawley drags its slow length along, and in all likelihood will last some weeks. The following important evidence as to the character of the late Sergeant Lilley has been adduced:—

"I knew the late Sergeant-Major Lilley from the date of his joining the 6th Dragoons to the period of my leaving the regiment, between two-and-a-half and three years ago, and consider him a thoroughly sober and well-disposed, good man."

"Nov. 16, 1863." "Colonel 4th Dragoon Guards.

John Hardy, late a sergeant in the 6th Dragoon Guards was called, and produced the following letter:—

"TO SIR ALFRED ROSEFORD, K.C.B.

"Portland, Nov. 26, 1863.

"Sir,—I beg to inform you that I have known the late Sergeant-Major Lilley from the time of his joining the Inniskilling Dragoons until I left that corps in 1860. He (the sergeant-major) was always a very steady, sober soldier and non-commissioned officer, and I believe was never known to be drunk or in liquor during that time. I believe that I had more opportunities of knowing the habits of the said sergeant-major than most men in the regiment, as I served in the same troop as a private and non-commissioned officer the chief part of my service. I also knew him in the Crimea, where I was acting quartermaster-sergeant of the regiment. I know that he did not drink there, not even his ration of rum, as he did not draw it from me, and could not get any other. I was in his company almost every day. I also kept the sergeants' mess in India for about fifteen months, and had frequent opportunities of seeing the sergeant-major at the mess and in his bungalow, at all hours of the day and night. I have frequently been with Sergeant-Major Lilley the chief part of the night at private parties in his quarters, and elsewhere. On those occasions I never saw him exceed his second glass of grog."

"I make this statement not from any favour or affection for the late Sergeant-Major Lilley, but as an act of justice to the memory of an honest, sober non-commissioned officer and soldier. I am, sir, your obedient servant,

"JOHN HARDY, Assistant-Warder, P.P."

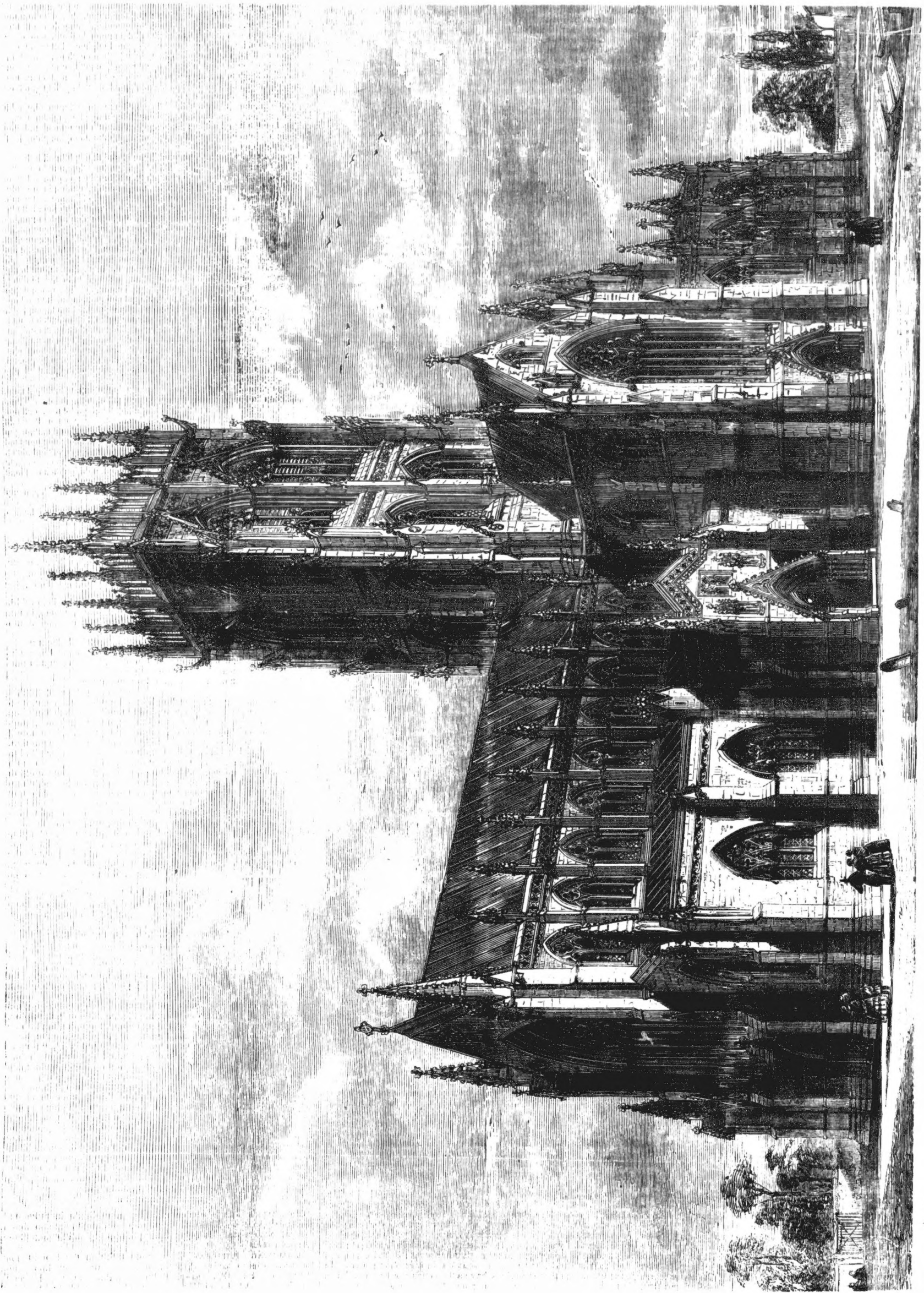
## ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH, DONCASTER.

THIS elaborate and beautiful edifice, of which we give an exterior view on page 391, is from the design of G. C. Scott, Esq., architect, and stands on the site of the old church, destroyed by fire. The new one retains the general form and features of its predecessor, but differs in size and some of its proportions. The details also are wholly different, since the style of architecture adopted in the new fabric is of an earlier character than the old one, the former being "decorated," while the other was, for the most part, "perpendicular." In taking down the ruins some fragments were disclosed, which indicated some portions of a very early building, in no way incorporated with the latter one, so that originally it may probably date back among the earliest churches in the kingdom. The new church is cruciform in plan; the nave consists of five bays, with a north and south aisle to correspond. There is also a south porch groined in stone. The stone of the exterior is mostly from the Stretley quarries. The roofs (entirely covered with lead) and the wood-work generally are of oak. The fine peal of bells in the tower were cast under the sole direction of E. B. Denison, Esq., Q.C., by Messrs. Warner, of London, and are pronounced equal to any of modern times. In our next we shall give an engraving of the interior of this magnificent church, with some particulars of its most interesting features.

HORNIMAN'S TEA is choice and strong, moderate in price, and wholesome to use. These advantages have secured for this Tea a general preference. It is sold in packets by 2,280 Agents.—[*Advertisement.*]

A CAPITAL CHRISTMAS WRITING-CASE for 2s. (or free by post for twenty eight stamps), fitted with Writing-paper, Envelopes, Pencase and Pens. Blotting-book, &c. THE PRIZE OF TWENTY GUINEAS AND SILVER MEDAL was given by the SOCIETY OF ARTS for its utility, durability, and cheapness. 250,000 have already been sold. To be had of PARKINS and GORRO, 25, Oxford-street, London, and all Stationers.—[*Advertisement.*]

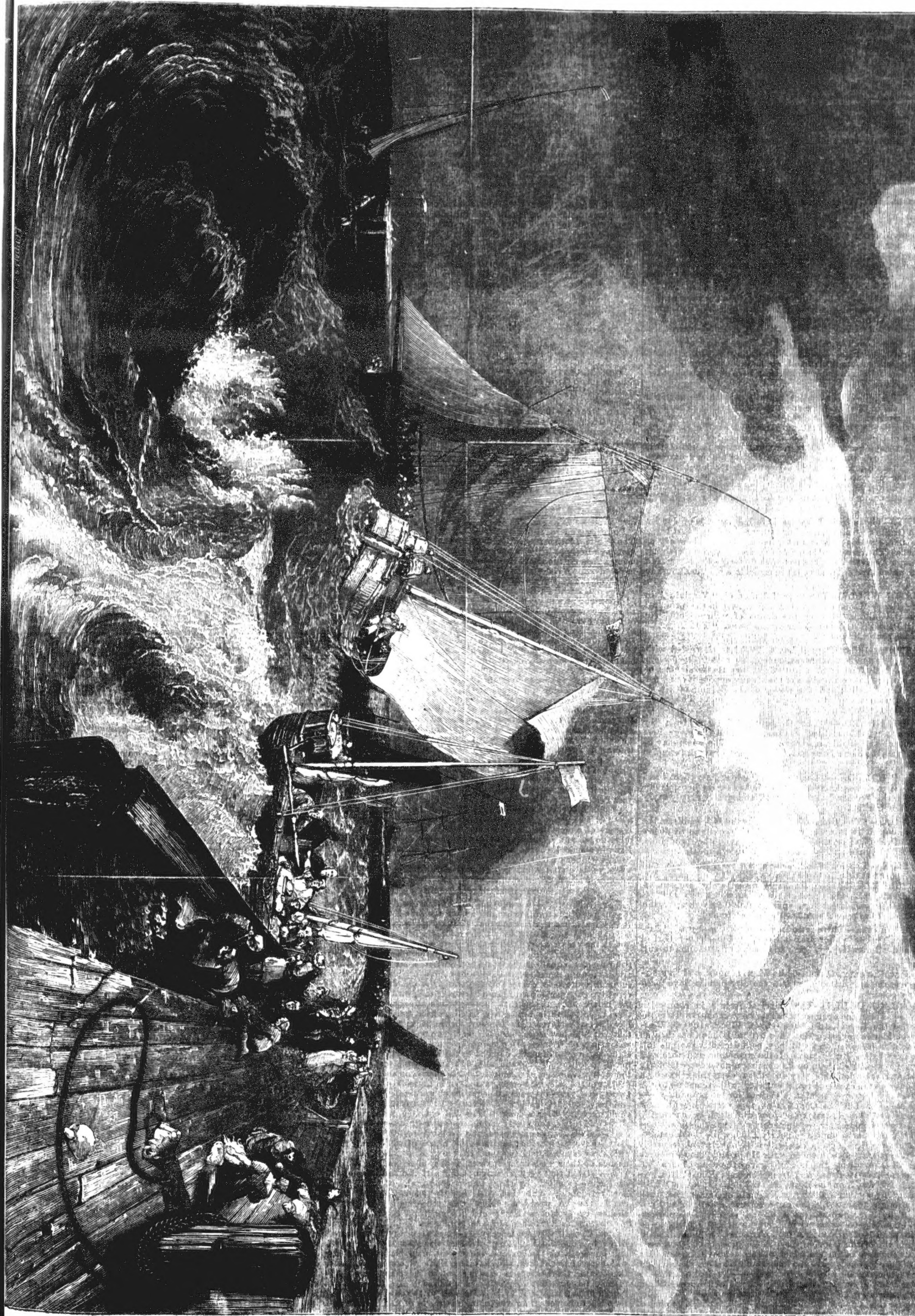




ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH, DONCASTER. (See page 391.)



ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH, DONCASTER. (See page 391.)





## Theatricals, Music, etc.

**COVENT-GARDEN.**—The new opera, "Blanche de Nevers," which we noticed in our last, has continued its successful career throughout the week, attracting fashionable and crowded audiences. The second act of "The Desert Flower" has concluded the entertainments each evening.

**DRURY LANE.**—No change whatever has taken place in the performances here. The powerful acting of Mr. Phelps in "Manfred," with the magnificent scenery; together with the two farces, "My Heart's in the Highlands," and "Beauty and the Beast," have proved all-powerful attractions.

**HAYMARKET.**—Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews increase, if possible, in popularity. The applause they receive nightly from crowded audiences is convincing proof that the talents of those rare artists are justly appreciated. The comedy of "Silken Fetters," "The Golden Fleece," "Un Anglais Timide," and "Little Daisy," all have their great attractions, and fully develop the varied talents of the excellent company engaged here.

**THE ADELPHI.**—"The Tragedy Queen," with Mrs. Stirling; "Leah," with Miss Bateman; and the "Irish Tiger" crowd the house to overflowing nightly. Perhaps, since the days of Miss O'Neil, no actress has made so powerful an impression as Miss Bateman. To say that her acting is superb is not sufficient. The beauty, power, force, and pathos thrown into every line she utters, touches a chord in every heart, and stamps her as the foremost actress of the age.

**THE LYCEUM.**—"Bel Demonio" still carries the sway at this attractive establishment. Mr. Pechter, although still labouring under indisposition, continues to act with his usual force. The little comedietta of "Uncle Baby" has been the opening piece.

**OLYMPIC.**—Tom Taylor's "Ticket-of-Leave Man" abates not a jot in its attractiveness. The admirable manner in which it is put on the stage will ensure it a run of no mean duration still. "A Conjugal Lesson" closes the performances here nightly amidst the greatest applause.

**THE STRAND.**—The attention recently paid to the comforts of the audience at this favourite and popular little theatre has been highly appreciated. It may, indeed, be now termed a little model. The new burlesque, by Mr. F. C. Burnand, "Patient Pe'elope; or, the Return of Ulysses," as usual abounds in no end of extravagant puns, smart sayings, and telling parodies; but it is not of that elaborate nature as the majority of this witty authors' extravaganzas. There is, however, plenty of food for laughter and light as the present burlesque may be, it has been received with well-merited approval. "Miriam's Crime" and "My New Place," continue to satisfy the crowded audiences assembling here.

**SURREY.**—The principal feature here has been the production of Gerald Griffin's "Greek Slave," or rather "Gisippus," that being the title under which it was first produced by Mr. Macready at Drury Lane. The piece affords ample scope for the powerful acting of Mr. James Anderson, and has met with decided success. "Mad Fred," in which Mr. Thorne keeps the house in a roar, continues to attract.

**SADLER'S WELLS.**—The powerful play of "Virginus," in which Mr. Henry Marston and Miss Marriott sustain the principal characters, has alternated with the drama of "Pure Gold" (in which Mr. D. H. Jones appears) during the week. "The Brigand" has been the concluding piece.

**BRITANNIA.**—"The Days of Louis XV" has alternated with "The Battle" throughout the week, concluding with "The Jewess of the Temple." The great ghost effect; the Swiss singing of Madame Plean; the eccentricities of that funny exponent of nigger business, Paul Deulin; and the clever comic singing of Mr. J. Taylor, make up a capital evening's entertainment. The house continues to be crowded nightly.

**THE STANDAED.**—"The Cameronians," taken from Sir Walter Scott's "Old Mortality," has been placed on the stage here in a beautiful and highly attractive manner. The same may be said of "Leah, the Jew's Daughter." Both pieces have drawn good audiences.

**CITY OF LONDON.**—The lovers of "astounding effect" and "heart-rending dramas" may have their full satisfaction here. "The Ticket-of-Leave Woman" and "Faust" abundantly supply every material for sensation.

**VICTORIA.**—"The Chimes" still heads the bill, and from the manner in which it is nightly received will continue to do so. "He's not Dead Yet; or, the Sailor's Wife," is another production highly relished by the audience at this well-known theatre.

**PAVILION.**—The legitimate drama, we are glad to see, still rules paramount at this East-end theatre, with Mr. Robinson, Mr. Marchant, and Mrs. Robinson, &c., in "Othello" and "Macbeth." A stirring drama, "Life in the Far West," in which the Emmett family and their wonderful dogs appear; and "The Sea; or, the Ocean Child," have proved an attractive bill of fare.

**THE GRECIAN.**—There is no lack of attraction here. "Barnaby Rudge," "The Waiter at the Eagle," "The Flower Girl of Ghent," and "Susan Hopley," embrace sufficient attraction to suit all tastes.

**THE NEW ROYALTY, QUEEN'S, the MARLBOROUGH, and EFFINGHAM** have each their attractions, and the attendances have been invariably good.

**THE MUSIC HALLS.**—The principal feature in connection with these has been the opening of the new and extensive establishment called the Regent, in Regent-street, Vincent-square, Westminster, on Monday evening last. No hall in London has had so much attention bestowed on its fittings, both decorative and useful, as this new hall. Every want of the numerous and thronged audience that assembled there on its opening night was particularly studied; and the admirable way in which everything has been carried out, and the excellent talent engaged, will, it kept up to the present standard, ensure the utmost success for the proprietor.

**DRAGON'S.**—The Lifeboat Concerts at this establishment, near Sadler's Wells Theatre, last week proved eminently successful. On both nights hundreds were reluctantly refused admission. The two nights' receipts amounted to nearly £100, while the donations, boxes, and subscription cards out, will it is anticipated, be nearly sufficient to purchase the intended "Sir Hugh Middleton" lifeboat. Nearly all the talent in London gave their assistance. A model of a lifeboat, flags, &c., from Somerset House; life preservers, drags, &c., from the Royal Humane Society; a new "Lifeboat Song" by Watkin Williams, was sung in character by a whole crew; also an address by the same popular author, beautifully delivered by Mrs. Phillips, made up an evening's amusement that will not long be forgotten in Clerkenwell and Islington.

**SAM COLLINS.**—Two concerts took place here on Thursday and Friday, in aid of the Camden Head Fund, for the relief of the unfortunate sufferers in the late calamitous accident at Islington. Mr. Sam Collins generously gave the free use of his hall on the occasion, and the services of his excellent company. At HIGHBURY BARN a similar act of generosity was kindly offered and accepted from Mr. Giovannelli. The concert took place here on Wednesday evening for the same benevolent purpose. The characteristics of nearly all the other halls have been the annual benefits of the proprietors.

## The Court.

The Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Crown Prince and Princess of Prussia, Princess Helena, Princess Louise, Prin & Leopold, and her Serene Highness the Princess Hohenzollern, the Ladies and Gentlemen in Waiting, attended divine services on Sunday morning in the private chapel. The Bishop of Oxford preached the sermon. Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales left the Castle for Frogmore House, where they will remain. The Duke and Duchess of Argyll arrived at the castle on Sunday.

Her Majesty will remain at Windsor Castle till the 16th of December, and will then proceed to Osborne, where the Queen and Court will reside for some weeks. The Prince and Princess of Wales will pay a visit to her Majesty at Osborne. Great improvements have been made at Frogmore in the stabling, for the accommodation of the Prince of Wales's hunting stud, which will be brought from Sandringham, as it is the Prince's intention to hunt with her Majesty's stagbonds this season. The Prince and Princess of Wales will remain at Frogmore until February next, after their royal highnesses' visit to her Majesty at Osborne.—*Court Journal.*

The Queen, accompanied by the Princess Helena and Princess Louise, went to London on Monday morning, and visited the Dowager Duchess of Sutherland and Lady Augusta Bruce, at their respective residences. Her Majesty honoured Mr. Foley and Mr. Theed with a visit at their studios. At Mr. Foley's the Queen inspected the monument to the late General Bruce, and at Mr. Theed's her Majesty inspected the statues of the Prince Consort and the Duchess of Kent, which are in progress.

## Sporting.

### BETTING AT TATTERSALL'S.

TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS.—5 to 1 agst Count F. de Lagrange's Fille de l'Air (t); 6 to 1 agst Mr. Ten Broeck's Paris (t); 6 to 1 agst Mr. Merry's Scottish Chief (off); 10 to 1 agst Mr. Bowes's Claremont (t).

THE DERRY.—10 to 1 agst Mr. Merry's Scottish Chief (t); 13 to 1 agst Mr. Ten Broeck's Paris (t); 15 to 1 agst Lord Stamford's Cambruscan (off); 1,000 to 60 agst Mr. W. I. Anson's Blair Athol (t and off); 20 to 1 agst Lord St. Vincent's Forager (off); 25 to 1 agst Mr. Naylor's Coastguard (t); 30 to 1 agst Mr. Naylor's Appennine (t); 1,000 to 30 agst Mr. H. Hills Ackworth (t); 1,000 to 30 agst Mr. W. Day's Historian (t); 40 to 1 agst Mr. Bowes's Claremont (t); 40 to 1 agst Mr. Osborne's Prince Arthur (t to £75); 1,000 to 150 agst Mr. Bowes's Bragah (t).

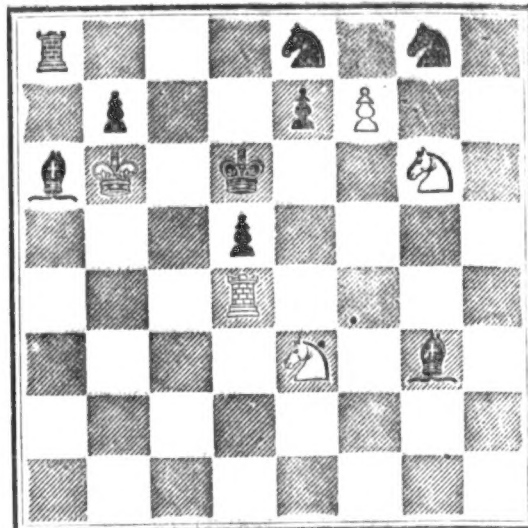
The great fight between Heenan and King for £2,000 is fixed for Tuesday next.

FOOT RACE FOR THE FIVE MILES CHAMPION BELT AND £50.—The White Lion racing ground at Hackney Wick was filled on Monday afternoon with an assemblage of spectators, the attraction being a race for the above handsome trophy, for which the following well-known pedestrians had entered to contend with Lang, the holder of the belt, viz:—James Sanderson, of Whitworth; John White, of Gateshead; Edward Mills, of London; and John Brighton, of Norwich. Amongst the company present to witness the contest there were several influential sporting men and book-makers, some of whom have had a book open upon the race for the past few weeks at the following prices—6 to 4 on Lang, 3 to 1 agst White, 5 to 1 agst Sanderson and Mills, and 8 to 1 agst Brighton. The time appointed for the start was three o'clock, but the pedestrians did not make their appearance on the course until twenty minutes to four, Mills paying forfeit. To complete the distance the circuit of the course had to be traversed thirty-four times, less 40 yards. Mr. H. Holt having been appointed referee, a capital start was effected at ten minutes to four, Sanderson cutting out the work for the first mile, White going on second, Lang third, and Brighton last, more than 100 yards in the rear. Time 4 minutes, 46 seconds. While running the ninth lap Lang and White alternately led, and at the finish of the second mile (time 9 minutes 54 seconds) White was leading by two yards, Lang second, Sanderson third, and Brighton nearly 200 yards in the rear. At the finish of the seventeenth lap Brighton pulled up and retired, being unable to keep up the cracking pace at which the other three were running. Three miles were done in 14 minutes 58 seconds, White still leading, with only a yard between the other two. While running the twenty-fourth lap Sanderson rushed to the fore, and finished the fourth mile with a lead of two yards. Time, 20 minutes, 12 seconds. The race now became of a most exciting character, each in turn trying to cut the other down, and alternately leading, until, on entering the last lap, Lang in a splendid spurt broke from his opponents, and went in a gallant winner by nearly 20 yards. Sanderson passed White within a few yards of the winning post, and finished second. Time, 25 minutes, 5 seconds.

**KAFFIR WOMEN.**—A public meeting has been held in Durban on the subject of the traffic in women among the Zulu Kaffirs of Natal. It was stated at the meeting that Kaffir girls, when they reach a marriageable age, are sold by their fathers, whether they will or not, to the "man who offers for their persons the largest number of the fattest cows." Twenty years of peaceful residence under British rule have equalized the sexes, and girls are becoming scarcer articles; and, therefore, the price has gone up, and the richest suitor has the best chance; consequently the old, debauched, and repulsive polygamists, with large harems of their own already, have the best chance, seeing that having wives already to work for them their wealth is necessarily much greater than the men who have no wife-slaves. Mr. Lindley, an American missionary, said that when he first came to the country there was a scarcity of men, and plenty of women. In consequence the price was low, about eight or ten head of cattle, counted in the Kaffir way, that is, a cow in calf counting as two, and although an ox was always given to the mother, as a sort of recompense for her breeding and rearing the subject of the sale, long credit was given in those days. Now, after twenty-five years of peace, the equality of the sexes was restored, and the price just doubled. The consequence was that young men could only buy after a long time, while old men with plenty of wives and cattle, and yearly selling their own grown-up daughters, could almost always outbid them, as well in quantity as by immediate delivery of cattle; at this, the hearts of the young girls altogether revolted, and they suffered the greatest cruelty in consequence of their endeavours to escape such unnatural connexions. It was stated that very recently a Kaffir girl died from the effect of torture applied by her father (burning), occasioned by her resistance; but that the law is such that the man could not be punished. Nor can the English magistrate shelter or protect a Kaffir girl fleeing from home, but must give her up to her father and the purchaser. When Kaffirs professing Christianity are married by English clergymen, without purchase of the wife, Kaffirs regard the marriage as void and criminal, and on death of the husband, the nearest male relative claims the widow and her children, and has the right to dispose of them. Considering these things to be repugnant to the principles of humanity recognised throughout the civilized world, the meeting agreed upon a memorial, to be addressed to the governor, praying for a Bill to be passed for confirming marriages of Kaffirs celebrated by clergymen, and for prohibiting the traffic in women after a certain date to be fixed.

## Chess.

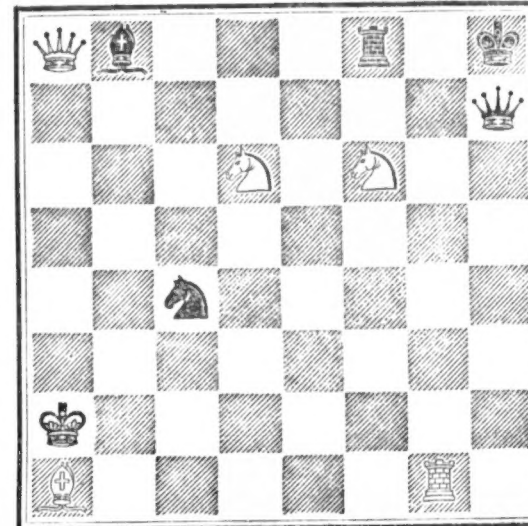
PROBLEM No. 146.—By H. E. KIDSON, Esq.  
Black.



White.

White to move, and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 147.—By M. LANCASTER, Esq.  
[Forwarded by Mr. Ralinger, of the Norfolk News]  
Black.



White.

White to move, and mate in three moves.

**A SCHOOLBOY (Streatkham).**—As the composition of so young a hand, the effort is very creditable. We have, however, an objection to Castling in a problem.

**T. P.**—The best authorities give 6. P to K B 3 for White. White's move of 10. Castles was, we think, best under the circumstances.

**J. RICHMOND.**—Cannot the solution of your problem be delayed several moves, if Black play 3. B to K R 6?

**T. FOWLER.**—We will give insertion to the game forwarded by you at the earliest opportunity.

**H. K., E. W. S., R. Lee, Alpha, and W. Burnard.**—your inquiries have been replied to through the post, as requested.

### CALAIS PIER.—THE PACKET BOAT COMING IN.

Among the greatest of J. M. W. Turner's pictures, that of Calais Pier (an engraving of which we give on page 393) stands unrivalled, if perhaps we except his twin picture of "The Shipwreck." They are marvellous in composition, with energy and action in every line; grandeur and colossal force in drawing—movement, atmosphere, almost sound, breaking from waves which foam at the mouth howling as waves possessed. The Calais Pier, as here represented, with fishing-boats preparing for sea, and the English packet arriving, is not of modern date, but sixty years back, nor as depicted by Charles Dickens in "Little Dorrit." The picture is no trim royal mail steamer, but a sailing vessel crowded with strange-looking figures. The pier, too, is not the dapper-built rendezvous of Calais promenaders, but a crazy structure of timbers, crowded with squabbling poissards encumbered by their fish. There are no little soldiers in baggy red trousers—no inquisitive douaniers—no screaming hotel touts—no equivocal English residents of Calais puffing bad cigars, and scrutinizing their sea-sick countrymen. But the scene is unmistakably Calais, and unmistakably French. The eager lantern-jawed fishermen, their voluble, gesticulating wives and children, are as true to 1860 as 1803. The picture is painted throughout with deep-toned darks to bring out the lights; shadows, in some parts coal black; while the sky, the action of the waves, and other details are learnedly and nobly drawn.

**RUMOURS OF AN IRISH REBELLION.**—A rumour is being spread through various parts of the country that Ireland is on the eve of a revolution or rebellion. The signal for the rising is to be the landing in some of our bays or harbours of an armament from America, provided with an ample supply of arms and all the other munitions of war for all those who yearn to throw off the "yoke of the Saxon." It is also believed that there is at this moment existing in Ireland a secret society, having its head quarters in Dublin and branches in Cork, Tralee, and all the other principal towns of the kingdom. This society, it is said, is at this very moment actively engaged in organizing the people and preparing them for the anticipated invasion, having them taught military drill wherever practicable. Thus they will be fitted to avail themselves of the arms that shall be placed in their hands by their foreign friends. It is further hinted, in mysterious language, "that certain persons whose present position holds them back will assume leading parts in the struggle once it has begun."—*Cork Examiner.*



## Lads and Police.

## POLICE COURTS.

## QUID-HALL.

**HIGHWAY ROBBERY, AND RESTORATION OF THE STOLEN PROPERTY.**—Nicholas Moody, alias Isaac Oatley, but more familiarly known amongst his countrymen as "The Captain," was charged before Alderman Salomons with the following daring highway robbery:—Mr. John Simms of 111, Fleet-street, said: About twenty minutes to six o'clock last night I was proceeding through St. Paul's-churchyard, and when I got to the chemist's shop at the corner I was surrounded by several men, who pressed very much upon me. I tried to get away, but the more I struggled the more firmly they held me. They then pushed me round the corner away from the light and got me against the wall, the prisoner standing in front of me, but with his back against me. He continued pressing upon me, and two others, one on each side, completely deafened me, and the prisoner then turned round and looked me full in the face, but from the reflection of his hands it struck me he was taking my watch. I looked down and saw my watch-band hanging down from my pocket, and discovered that my watch was gone. I accused the prisoner of stealing my watch, and he denied having taken it; but I told him no one but he had taken it, and that I would never leave him. His companions then moved away, and at the same time the prisoner made for St. Paul's-churchyard, and a crowd had collected, and he could not get away quickly. I followed and secured him, and in the absence of a policeman the waterman at the cab-rank took him into custody for me. After the prisoner was locked up I returned towards Fleet-street, and on going up Ludgate-hill I felt something heavy drop inside the breast pocket of my coat, and ascertained it was my missing watch. It had been broken from my guard and the handle was still missing. I can only account for the watch being in that pocket by the belief that one of the prisoner's companions, who was very busy about me in St. Paul's-churchyard, and declaring that the prisoner had not got the watch, must have thrust it into my pocket; but as I had a pair of gloves pressed home in that pocket the watch did not work through them until after I had left the police-station. The prisoner must have taken my watch for I saw his hand at my pocket and the next instant missed it. Alderman Salomons: Did you feel your watch safe when you noticed his hand at your pocket? Witness: I felt it in my pocket only the moment before I have not found the handle of my watch. Alderman Salomons: The prisoner has been eight times convicted. He has served four separate periods of imprisonment of three months each, three of six months each, and one of twelve months. He has given a false address. His right name is Isaac Oatley, and lives in Flower and Dean-street, Whitechapel, one of the most infamous resorts for thieves in London; he is known as the "Captain." Alderman Salomons cautioned the prisoner, who reserved his defence, and then committed him to trial.

**EXTRAORDINARY CHARGE.**—Mary Ann Young the wife of a seafaring man, was charged before Alderman Mechi with robbing the prosecutor of a watch value £15, under the following circumstances:—Mr. Hugh attempted for the prosecution; Mr. Bead defended the prisoner. John Barlow, a foreman cooper, in the employ of Messrs Edmund Phillips and Sons, of Wapping-wall, said: I met the prisoner last night in Leadenhall-street, about a quarter to five o'clock, and she accosted me. I invited her to have a glass of wine, and we journeyed to a public-house to obtain it. I said I was going to Golden-lane to keep an important appointment, and told her to stop upon which she said she was going to the City-road, and I then offered to take her with me in my cab. I told the cabman to drive me to Golden-lane. (I looked at my watch after I got in and saw it was ten minutes to five o'clock. I had looked at it two minutes previously, but after I had gone a little way I felt for my watch to see what time I had left, and discovered it was gone. I accused the prisoner of stealing it, but she denied having it, and fell on her knees and begged I would not give her into custody. I told the cabman to drive to the police-station, and there gave her into custody. Neither the watch nor any portion of it was found. Some further evidence having been given, Mr. Mechi, in reply to the charge, said he was perfectly satisfied that must be the opinion of the magistrate in this case upon the evidence adduced; but, as this poor woman's character was at stake, he felt bound to explain exactly her position in the matter. She was looking out at a shop window when the prosecutor accosted her, got into conversation, and invited her to have a glass of wine, he being, as he stated, in a hurry to keep a particular appointment. She declined; but, exercising a little gentleness and a considerable amount of persuasion, Mr. Mechi induced her to enter the public-house, and subsequently the cab. If he had a watch he must have lost it before he met the prisoner, as he had no means of getting rid of it and none had been found. The witness, he said, was a good one, and, therefore, not likely to be wrong; but the woman, a disinterested person, was most positively to the time being half an hour later than the prosecutor had directly sworn to; consequently, he (the prosecutor) had no watch, and guessed at the time for the purpose of preferring a false charge; or else, having lost his watch in other company, sought to account for his loss by fixing this charge on the prisoner. If, therefore, he had told a falsehood in one respect, was it not probable that he was equally false in others? Under all these circumstances, he submitted that the prisoner was entitled to be discharged, with such an expression of opinion as would leave her reputation unimpaired. Alderman Mechi said he was bound to say there was no evidence upon which any jury could rely. He did not believe she accosted the prosecutor first, and it was equally clear to him that his watch was not stolen in the cab; neither did he think there was the slightest justification for detaining her further on this charge. She was therefore acquitted.

## BOW STREET.

**CHARGE OF POCKET PICKING.**—John Willis, who said he was a baker, was charged with attempting to pick a gentleman's pocket in the Strand. Mr. Gower, the complainant, stated that on Saturday night, about seven o'clock, he was passing along the Strand near the Adelphi Theatre, when, upon placing his hand in his coat pocket to take out his cigar-case, he felt a hand in his pocket. He seized the wrist and turned upon the prisoner who said: "Oh, do let me go, sir; I won't do it again. Give me a punch in the head, and let me go." He was, however, detained, and given into custody. Police-man Barrett 142 F. was called by the prosecutor to take the prisoner into custody. The prisoner said his hand was not in the gentleman's pocket. At the station-house, when the prosecutor said that he seized the prisoner's hand, the prisoner observed, "You could not do that. It was only my finger." The prisoner was a known thief, and had done three years. "The prisoner: Since I done the three years, I have been home sixteen months and have been trying all I could to get a living. The police can't say that I have done anything wrong since I came home. Mr. Gower: So you would have said another time if you had not been caught now. The prisoner: I was not caught. My hand was not in his pocket. Mr. Gower: You must tell that to the jury. The prisoner: Do settle it here, sir. It is a very small case to send to the sessions. Mr. Gower: But you have been convicted before. I shall commit you to next sessions, to give time for further inquiry.

## WESTMINSTER.

**SINGULAR CASE OF FELONY.**—George McFarlane and John Mardon were jointly examined, charged with stealing some harness from the stable of G. G. Gough, of 40, Palace-street, Piccadilly. The circumstances of this case are very peculiar. On the night of the 17th instant the prosecutor's stable was entered and the harness stolen, no trace of the thief being discovered. In two days afterwards the prisoner M. Farlane gave himself up to Police-constable Pishley, 112 F. declaring himself to be the culprit, and stoutly persisting that he had disposed of the harness to a Mr. Powaby, of York-street, at about the late or positively denied it. In the course of a conversation with Mr. Humphreys, an Inspector of the B division M. Farlane, who is an old thief and who was recently liberated from four years' penal servitude on a ticket-of-leave, told him that he found he was unable to obtain any employment and was anxious to be tried and sent away for a longer period. Although there was no evidence to show that M. Farlane had been at the stable, he most unhesitatingly cried the place and everything in it, and was remanded. M. Farlane, on being asked whether he had anything to say to the charge, replied:—"If you do anything to this man (Mardon), you will punish the innocent. The convictions against me prevent my getting any work. I can't obtain an honest living; and had I not better go to prison than be as I am? I wish what I say to go forth to the public for the benefit of others; for there's no getting a living with conviction against a man. I committed this robbery to get out of the country. I sold this man the harness, and he did not know it was stolen." Mardon said he bought the harness innocently. They were committed for trial; M. Farlane for stealing, and Mardon, who was admitted to bail, feloniously receiving the harness.

**IS A BABY A PERSON?**—Mrs. Ellen Betts, of 12, St. Leonard's-terrace, King's-road, Chelsea, was summoned by a cabman for 6d. James Little, a cabman, said that on last Sunday week he was called from a rank at the Horns, Kennington, and he took up the defendant, a child, and a gentleman, whom he conveyed to St. Leonard's-terrace, where the gentleman gave him 1s. 6d. He demanded 6d. more, but the defendant would not

allow the gentleman to give it him, declaring that he was not entitled to it. The distance was nearly three miles, and there was 6d. extra for the child. Mrs. Betts said that she had gone the same distance repeatedly, and had never been charged for the baby, which was only nine months old. Mr. Little: This question has been before the Court of Queen's Bench, and, as far as I can make out, although not so clear as one could wish, they have decided that a baby is "a person." I am afraid I must decide against you. You must pay the 6d., and 6d. costs. The defendant good-humouredly paid the amount, and left the court.

## CLERKENWELL.

**DARING ASSAULT AND HIGHWAY ROBBERY.**—Walter Carr and Edward Baddock, who described themselves as pugilists, were charged with assaulting Mr. John Harrison, clerk, of Maberly-place, Ball's-pont, and stealing from him a valuable watch. It appeared from the evidence that the prosecutor was under the influence of drink, and was surrounded by a number of low fellows. A gentleman who was present ascertained his address, put him into a cab, and, determined to see him home, rode himself on the outside. Before they got to Maberly-place the driver saw the prisoners running after the cab. When it stopped, and before either the gentleman or the cabman could get down, the prisoners had opened the door, and as the prosecutor was in the act of getting out, Carr struck him a violent blow, and at the same time Baddock had his watch, worth £30, in his hand. The gentleman and the cabman seized the defendants, and after a desperate struggle forced them into the cab. At the police station one of the accused said the prosecutor would find his watch in his coat pocket. It was not known at that time that Mr. Harrison had two watches with him, and as he was drunk, and his silver watch was found in his waistcoat, no notice was taken of the matter; but when he arrived home his gold watch was found in one of his coat pockets. The prisoners denied that they had stolen the watch, but asked the magistrate to settle the case. Former convictions were then proved against them, and they were committed for trial.

## MARLBOROUGH-STREET.

**THE BOTTLE.**—Charles Henry Thornton, an engineer, living at 8, Market-street, Fitzroy-market, was charged before Mr. Knox with feloniously cutting and wounding his wife, Caroline Thornton, with intent to do her some grievous bodily harm. Inspector Gayforth, of the G division, attended to watch the case. The prosecutrix (whose head was enveloped in surgical bandages) said: I am the wife of the prisoner. A little before eleven o'clock on Saturday night I had a quarrel with my husband, and took up a knife, and he took it from me and cut his finger. There was a little girl in the room, but I do not know what else occurred. I went downstairs with my head bleeding, and was taken to the hospital. Mr. Knox: Had you been drinking? Prosecutrix: We had. Isabella Thornton, about eleven years of age, and the daughter of the parties said: I was in the room with my parents, but I don't know whether they had been drinking. They had a few words, and my mother took up a knife so that my father should not, and he then took it from my mother. My mother called "murder" out of the window, and my father hit her with his fist, and then the light went out, being knocked down, and my father then hit my mother with the knife. Mr. Knox: How do you know? Witness: Because there is a light on the floor. Mr. Knox: Did your mother fall? Witness: Father pushed her over, but did not strike her again with the knife, but did with his fist when she called "murder." Mother then went downstairs and I went for a policeman. Charles Frost, 168 F. said: I was called by the last witness to the house at half-past twelve on Saturday night, and found the prosecutrix sitting on the door-step bleeding very much. At first I thought it was from her throat, but I found it was from the head. A constable who was there took the prosecutrix to the hospital, and I went up stairs to the prisoner, and on telling him that his wife was taken to the hospital, he said "it's as much her fault as mine." I found a knife on the table and a cloth with which it had evidently been wiped there being marks of blood upon it. Mr. Knox: Was the prisoner drunk? Frost: He was. Robert Pitt, 171 F. deposed: I was called to the house, and finding the prosecutrix smothered with blood, I, with the assistance of some costermongers, took her on a barrow to the University College Hospital, where the doctor stated that she had received a severe wound on the head, which he believed had been inflicted with some blunt instrument. Mr. Knox: I shall remand the prisoner for a week, prior to sending him for trial. The surgeon at the hospital can then be in attendance.

## WORKSHIP STREET.

**AN IMPROPER MARRIAGE.**—George Power, of Cemetery-place, Bethnal-green appeared before Mr. Leigh to answer a summons in an affidavit case taken out against him by Miss Charlotte Spillman, of Westminster, in the same neighbourhood. Before the young lady could be sworn, Mr. Power, who attended for the defendant, said: It is really a pity that this process should have been taken out, for my client freely and proudly admits his liability; and not only this, he would be supremely happy to become the husband of the infant's mother, and this one is well aware of. The court may perceive that both are prepossessing in appearance, and it is a fact that the bands of marriage have been put up, even four times. A wedding-ring was purchased, but whether it did not please Miss Spillman I cannot tell; another was bought, a "keeper," and (holding them up) here they are, secured with a pretty little chain. (A voice from the body of the court here remarked: "Ah, those are only second-hand.") I don't know whether that impudent observation was made by a rival of my client's, but if I am again interrupted in a similar manner, I shall request that the speaker may be ordered to withdraw. In continuation, I may add that the last bands are over one only; for, that in joyful anticipation of the happy day when the young lady, who appeared to be some six feet, would change her name to Mrs. Power, her devoted husband had laid out a considerable sum of money in household furniture, among which is a bed quite large enough for them both, and that he is even at this moment only waiting her acceptance of his hand, a consummation under such delicate circumstances "devoutly to be wished." It is very seldom that so honourable a defendant in like matters is to be seen in this court, and why the complainant persists in once again rejecting him is a mystery. Some thing has been whispered, I believe, respecting a suspicious sale of the matter to be turned for a week that he may have another opportunity of regaining his affections, and probably at the expiration of that period we may find that the two are one. Mr. Safford (clerk): Well, Mr. Power, are you willing to play a father's part, and give the bride away. (Laughter.) Mr. Power: Really I must decline that honour, as not being precisely in keeping with my professional duties; but I dare say Mr. Fairall, the prominent florist in the case, will undertake to officiate if requested. Mr. Fairall: Yes, certainly, sir; I'll do the agreeable to please the lady, although it is out of my professional duties also. (Laughter.) Mr. Leigh (to complainant): Well, what do you say? Do you wish the case to go on, or be adjourned as Mr. Power proposes? Miss Spillman (hesitatingly): Why, I think it had better be the latter, if you please. Mr. Power: You are now a very sensible young woman, and by such a step most likely to serve yourself and child. Mr. Leigh: Let the summons be adjourned. The defendant waited until the young lady had left the witness' box and reached his side, and then accompanied her out of court, followed by the officer, it was presumed, to make the requisite arrangements for carrying out the wedding.

**ELOPEMENT AND ROBBERY.**—Joshua Daniels, about 60 years old, and described as a sugar manufacturer, in the parish of Holy Trinity, in the borough of Kingston-upon-Hull, was charged before Mr. Cooke, on a warrant granted by T. H. Travis, Esq., one of the stipendiary magistrates of Hull, with having feloniously stolen a quantity of household furniture, the goods and chattels of Lewis Nathan. It appeared from the evidence, that the prosecutor had known a prisoner a considerable time in London, and had occasionally the latter visited his house in his absence; that about five months since, prosecutor, who had been married eleven years, and had a family of four children left home on his business as a fish-dealer at an early hour in the morning, and on his return at night was astonished to find his place stripped of nearly all the furniture. His wife absent, and also one of his little girls. Inquiry enabled him to ascertain that prisoner had removed the furniture, and subsequently he discovered that his faithful partner was with him at Hull—what had become of the child did not transpire. Prosecutor immediately visited the part of the country indicated, but failed in his search, and returned to London. Latterly he obtained more certain directions, and again went to Hull, when, more successful in his endeavours, he obtained a warrant against the prisoner, proceeded with a constable to the address mentioned, and there found his wife and goods. The conduct of the prisoner appeared to have been heartless in the extreme, inasmuch as when the injured husband returned home he found that even the bed-clothes with which his children had been covered were taken away. A very intelligent little girl was called in addition to those whose testimony had already been given at Hull, and she swore to having seen the prisoner removing the furniture in the day in question. Mr. Barnard said he felt that under the peculiar circumstances of the case the prisoner must go before a jury, but he trusted bail would be taken for his appearance. Mr. Power urged that prisoner by his cruel conduct had forfeited claim to any indulgence, and Mr. Cooke refused to accede to the application, and ordered the completion of the depositions for prisoner's trial at the sessions.

## THAMES.

**A RUSSIAN HUSBAND.**—Thomas Haddin, a morose and determined-looking fellow, aged 46 years, was brought before Mr. Woolrych, charged with assaulting his wife Henrietta. The complainant's face was terribly

disfigured, and her eyes were swollen and blackened. This was one of the most aggravated cases in the annals of wife-beating. The unhappy couple had been married twenty-four years, and have been lately dwelling at No. 2, Thomas-street, Commercial-road East. The prisoner is a tobacco-pipe maker. He has been frequently charged with assaulting his wife and punished for so doing. On one occasion he was sentenced to three months' imprisonment for a violent assault upon her. Reported punishments had no effect in checking his brutality. On Saturday morning at one o'clock he came home intoxicated, bringing with him a disreputable woman, and on the door being opened he turned his wife on in a savage manner over the head and face with his clenched fist. She succeeded in blowing, and the unfortunate creature fell, bleeding profusely from the nose and mouth. George Vincent, of Pitt-row-march, Essex, said: I was passing the end of court named Thomas-street this morning, and heard the cries of "Murder, and 'Police!" The prisoner opened the street door of his dwelling, and struck his wife on the mouth, and again on the nose. He also kicked her, and said to his wife, "I have got my partner now—go away." The wife forced her way into the house again, and quickly afterwards I heard the noise of a tremendous blow. When the wife came out of the house again she was a frightful sight. She was covered with blood, and could not see out of her eyes. I heard the prisoner say, "You go on; I have brought home my mistress, and I don't want you." Samuel Rawlings, a police-constable, No. 116 B, said he found the complainant on the ground exhausted, and bleeding from the nose and mouth. She was carried to the station-house, and was very weak and exhausted. The prisoner was taken into custody, and said he had three months' imprisonment, and did not care if he had eighteen months. The prisoner, in defence, said his wife was a drunkard, and he could not live with her. The wife admitted that she had taken to drinking too much at times. Her husband had driven her to drink her sorrows in intemperance. Mr. Woolrych said the prisoner was a drunkard and a savage, and had the audacity to bring home an abandoned woman as vile as himself, and turn his own wife out of doors. He never met with a more unmitigated ruffian. He sentenced the prisoner to six months' imprisonment and hard labour.

## SOUTHWARK.

**GROSS CASE OF IMPOSITION BY A SHAM CLERGYMAN.**—Richard Hutton, a respectable-looking man, was brought before Mr. Burcham, charged with being concerned with others not in custody in imposing upon the benevolent in all parts of the kingdom, by inserting advertisements in the *Record* newspaper, and forwarding circulars to the charitable. The Rev. Mr. Lingham, the rector of Lambeth, said that on Saturday morning last he received a letter from a friend of his enclosing a circular at the top of which was the copy of an advertisement from the *Record* as follows:—"Sad lot of two Gentlemen. The aged widow and daughter of a once illustrious country magistrate, steeped in the deepest distress in a miserable cellar lodging in Lambeth seek the sympathy of those whom Providence in his goodness has kept from all knowledge of real want. Donations kindly received in postage stamps by the Rev. Wm. Hall, 27 Stamford-street, disbursements road, S. London." The following appeal was written at the bottom:—"Dear Madam, A brother clergyman has kindly favoured me with the names of a few friends to whose kind sympathy I may make an appeal on behalf of these very unfortunate ladies of birth and education, once resident at Tunbridge Wells. We are endeavouring to raise a small fund for their relief in postage donations of 5s., 2s., and 1s. Contributions and kind help for our charitable object will be most grateful at this sad season of trial to them, which I shall be most happy to receive to apply to the best use towards these truly very pitiable cases. I have the honour to be, Madam, yours very faithfully, Rev. Wm. Hall, London, Nov. 27, 1863." Witness continued: The rector of Tunbridge Wells being aware that several circulars of a similar kind had been distributed among the charitable in and about Tunbridge Wells made inquiries, and the circular he had just produced was handed by a lady of his congregation. Suspecting there was some imposture about it, he enclosed it to witness for investigation. Accordingly he (the Rev. Mr. Lingham) sent it to the district registrar at that part of Stamford-street, and he ascertained that 27, Stamford-street, was a coffee-shop, and that a man was in the habit of calling for letters left there for the Rev. W. Hall. Witness at once put the matter into the hands of the police for investigation. About half-past twelve on the following morning he received, by post, a letter from the Rev. Wm. Hall, who was arrested in the negative, and in a minute or so afterwards the prisoner came in and called for a copy of the letter. While he was waiting for it the water brought him a letter, saying "That's for you." Witness saw that it was addressed to the Rev. W. Hall, consequently he took the prisoner into custody. Witness asked him if he was the Rev. Mr. Hall, when he replied that he was not, but he was directed to call for the letters, and forward them to him at Brighton, which he did. Witness asked him whether he knew where the Rev. W. Hall was to be found. He replied he did not, but he knew that he was to send them to Brighton. Witness found documents on the prisoner, and he believed that he should be able to show that the circular produced by the Rev. Mr. Lingham was in his handwriting. A gentleman from the *Record* newspaper-office was next called. He said he knew the prisoner by first calling on the 10th of August to insert a benevolent advertisement. He wrote it out in pencil in witness's presence, and paid for the insertion. (Witness here produced the original advertisement written in pencil.) Mr. Burcham examined it and compared it with the handwriting of the circular, and he had no doubt they were all in the prisoner's hand-writing. He asked last witness how many advertisements similar to that at the head of the circular the prisoner paid to be inserted? Witness replied: Four altogether. There were two afterwards brought by a lady, but they were objected to, and the stamps returned to the Rev. Wm. Hall. Mr. Burcham asked the prisoner whether he wished to give an account of himself. The prisoner replied: All he had to say was that a gentleman, who called himself the Rev. Wm. Hall met him and asked him to insert the advertisement, and he gave him the money to pay for the insertion. He also asked him to call for any letters in his name at 27, Stamford-street, and forward them to him at Brighton. Mr. Burcham asked him what part of Brighton. The prisoner replied that the next letters were sent to Sussex place, and the remainder to the post-office. The constable here said that the prisoner had received a number of similar letters, addressed to the Rev. W. Way, from a small stationer's in Stamford-street. Some of the circulars sent round, in the same hand-writing, were signed "Rev. Wm. Way." The book found upon the prisoner had that name upon it, and there were the addresses of hundreds of charitable institutions residing in all parts of the country. The prisoner was remanded for a week.

**CAPTURE OF AN ANNOYING DASTARD.**—Edward Reischach, a respectable-looking middle-aged man, lately carrying on business as a leather-caller in Brompton, was brought before Mr. Burcham, charged with abducting from his office, and concealing plate and other valuable property after being declared a bankrupt in the Bankruptcy Court of Exeter. Mr. John Newbury, an officer of the Exeter Bankruptcy Court, said that on the 21st of November the prisoner, who had for many years carried on the business of a leather-caller at Bridport, was adjudicated a bankrupt. Instead of appearing before the commissioners he absconded, and it is believed that he has concealed plate and other personal property of considerable value. The assignees, upon being informed that he had gone to London, offered a reward of £25, or his apprehension. Mr. Burcham asked by whom he was apprehended. Police-constable 143 L said that from information he received he took the prisoner into custody in Lambeth-march. He denied being the person, but last witness came up and identified him. Mr. Burcham ordered him to be handed over to the officers of the Bankruptcy Court until the warrant produced to be forwarded to Exeter. He was accordingly removed in custody.

## HAMMERSMITH.

**ALLEGED CHILD MURDER BY A SERVANT.**—Fanny Young, a young woman about 19 years of age, was brought before Mr. Dayman, from Kensington Workhouse, where she had been since the 21st inst., on a charge of wilful murder. Mr. A. Haynes, solicitor, of Wandsworth, appeared for the prisoner, who was also sent to be seated in the dock. Ellen Kingston said she was in the service of Sir Arthur Butler, of No. 20, Queen's-gate-terrace, Kensington. The prisoner was in the same service as under-housemaid. At seven o'clock on the morning of the 12th inst. she came to witness's bedroom and complained of being very ill. She, however, went down stairs about her work, but at nine o'clock she went into the cook's bed, on the basement floor, her own bedroom being at the top of the house. Between twelve and one o'clock Dr. Webster was sent for, and he attended her. Witness afterwards went up to the prisoner's bedroom to put it tidy, and upon opening the bottom drawer of a chest of drawers she found a parcel tied up in an apron. She communicated with her fellow-servant, and Dr. Webster was again sent for. When he came he went up stairs into the bedroom. He opened the parcel, and found it contained a dead child. Witness had not seen any baby linen about Dr. Webster gave evidence as to the examination of the body. He said it was a full-grown child, and there were no marks of violence except about the neck. He found a pocket handkerchief tied tightly round the neck. The lungs, which contained air, floated. All the organs were healthy, and the conclusion he arrived at was that breathing had been arrested by strangulation. Inspector Cross said an inquest had been held, and the jury had returned a verdict of "Wilful murder," against the prisoner. This being all the evidence, prisoner was remanded for a week for the completion of the depositions.





ON THE REEF.

## Literature

# HIGHLAND JESSIE; OR, LOTA, THE INDIAN MAID. A TALE OF THE GREAT INDIAN MUTINY.

## CHAPTER XI.

## ON T'OTHER SIDE THE TWEED.

We left the reader at the end of the last chapter in the spring of the year 1853. Between the end of Chapter X and the beginning of Chapter XI, a leap has been made compared with which the seven-league boots of one of the Jack 'Giant-Killers may be looked upon as a pair of common and even worn out slippers.

For we are now at the end of 1856, and that year is coming, in the spring of which the worst part of India is to rise, and all women and children.

There has been no need to talk about the three and three-quarters years that have past, for they do not actively bear upon our tale. At the time when Lota was married, Highland Jessie, otherwise Jessie Macfarlane, had just come fifteen, had found enough pismires to celebrate that event, in the shape of a bouquet in her bodice, and the same opportunity had been taken advantage of by a raw-boned Scot to kiss her—not coming through the rye, but over the remains of last year's rustling heather. Then Jess went down to what she called, we believe, Glasgow, to a refuge, and thence, by good interest, she got into Inverloch Castle as under nursemaid, whence she soon rose to be head of the nursery.

At the end of 1856 Jessie was just eighteen and three-quarters, and about as trim a lass as you could wish to see. She was not what you would call beautiful; but she was so bright and hearty and healthy. She did you good to look at her, because she made the best of everything. In fact, she would have made a chop look as much like a joint as anybody could; and if there had been no salt to be got at the "kitchen" (as the Irish say) the "parritch," you may depend upon it she would have eaten it, trying hard to fancy all the while that the meal was all the better for the absence of the salt-cellar.

In fact, she was just the kind of girl to pull a fellow through. She worked hard, and was cheery. Mind, she was not beautiful. Her cheek-bones were a little high; her eyes, very bright and sharp, were somewhat too far back in her head; and the best of her friends would candidly admit that she was a "bittock square about the chin." In fact, she looked better in a smock than out of it.

But it would have been no use falling in love with her. In a very plain, practical way—just as though she had done it up square and sent it off like a brown paper parcel—she had given her heart away to Barty Sanderson. He was the lad who had kissed her at fifteen coming o'er the "heather." But young darsels of fifteen look upon youths of seventeen as something to despise, and she had more than half forgotten him when crash in Glasgow she came up against him in all the splendour of one of the 93rd. He

was magnificent—she felt so. For, you see, though a maiden of fifteen thinks herself so much of a woman that one of the opposite sex at seventeen is looked upon as a mere boy, it is a very different matter when the young woman is eighteen and a half, and the youth pretty nearly twenty-one.

Barty Sanderson had been nugally—which ever way he stood he looked tied in a knot; but nature and the drill-sergeant had turned him out quite a splendid fellow; and as Barty had never forgotten Jessie, it only required the latter to determine never to forget Barty, for these two young people to be downright in love. And it was at the corner of Briggate they met; and when they left it, it is the impression of those who have known anything about the matter, that they were engaged to be man and wife some day.

Meanwhile Jessie went back to Inverloch Castle, and Barty, with his breast broader than ever, went sailing down the Briggate. Inverloch Castle was on the southern borders of the Highlands. It was not much to look at, and, to confess the truth, it was as gloomy inside as out. It had no "at home" master; and somehow, when the good man is away, nothing goes quite right, even in a castle.

The clan, if we may be permitted the word, had barely learnt to know the features of the new laird when they missed them again. The laird came from India in 1853, about August, and just when the heathen was full of promise. He remained till his lady gave birth to a child in the early days of 1854 and then he went away.

He had been in the East Indian army, and, therefore, he was to the custom of a soldier; and finding the opportunity of buying a commission in the 93rd, he joined that regiment, and, as he remained with it, everybody knows he must have almost immediately steamed for the Russian war. He took his part with the Highlanders in all their Crimean exploits, and when, as the year 1855 was coming to an end, the remainder of the victorious army was returning to England, of course they expected at Inverloch that they should be able to welcome the laird home.

But, no! He threw up his commission in the 93rd, and remained on the Continent. It was whispered that he was at Moscow during the coronation.

But whatever is certain, this is beyond dispute—that around Inverloch he was thought a little hardly about for his neglect. People said she was a sweet lady, though a little chilly and delicate—for, poor thing! she had been brought up in India—but a sweet angel. It was certain that, however "foreign" she might be in her habits, she was very kind to the people about her.

And being so kind, the people around her could not make out why she was so indifferent to her little boy, now "about well on" to three years of age. The child was a handsome, brisk, bright little fellow, but his mother appeared afraid of him, or afraid of loving him.

The life was not a happy one at Inverloch Castle.

There were no visitors, or very few, and the lady of the house sat throughout the day with her Indian servant, a hideous, harsh-looking woman, who tried to make friends with everybody; but whether the Scots about her were universally suspicious or extraordinarily penetrative, it is certain that if the Indian woman really wanted to be friendly, she was disappointed.

Mark you, we are at the end of 1856, and the master of Inverloch Castle is still out of the Highlands, though the Crimean war has been ended twelve months.

But we have forgotten to give the name of this laird—he was Sir Olive St Maur.

Colonel Ewins and Dr. Phil Effingham had been quite right when they warned him from the marriage with the Indian. The union had turned out desperately bad,—not but what he continued to love her, and he felt almost certain that she loved him,—but there was an unknown something between them. Strive as he would, he could not clear this inexplicable mystery away. As the weeks and months rolled on, he saw that she grew afraid of him; and so, perhaps, it was quite as much in pity for her, as with a feeling of desolation, that he once more buckled on his sword and took to the field.

When, in the early part of 1854, he announced to her his intention of leaving her, she was scared by the news—literally scared—and she replied, "Olive, if you leave me, what will then become of me?"

"I thought, Lotty," he said—and he had made Lotty the English equivalent of the word Lota—"you would be glad to get rid of me; and I don't think you will be sorry I am gone after I'm once off; and, if you like, lass, you may go back to India. You would, perhaps, be happier in India."

She shuddered as she answered quickly, "No—no! I don't want to go back to India; we'd sooner stay in Scotland."

"Very well," he said; "it will be better for the boy."

Lady St Maur had experienced very little inconvenience by changing from the climate of India to that of Scotland. She had as little of the Indian about her in constitution as in appearance; and, so far from the air of Scotland being unfavourable upon her, it seemed as though it renovated her exactly as an Anglo-Indian, returning home, obtains new life by breathing the old climate of his youth and that of his forefathers.

Sir Olive went away, and remained away. He wrote at regular intervals, and his wife as regularly; but in truth they were parted, and there seemed to be no promise of a better time at hand.

About her, Lota kept but one Indian servant—Vengha.

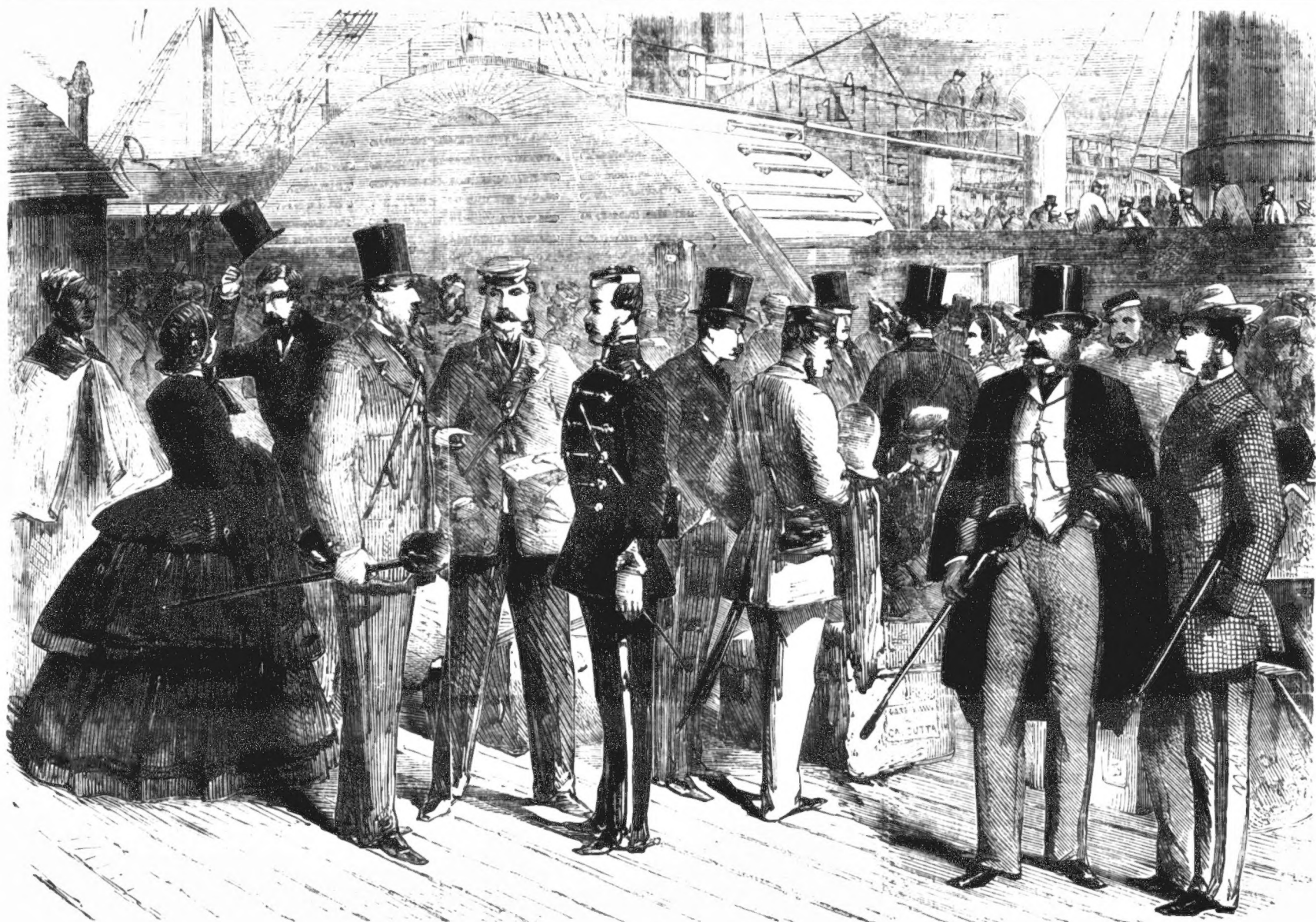
In a woman had followed Lota to England with the steady determination of a tiger following its prey. She suffered terribly from the climate at first; and it is probable, with all the strength of her awful will, she would not have been able to endure the change had she been an Indian of the plains. Fort rarely for her determination to remain with Lota, she had been born in the hills, as her people had been before her, and hence she was accustomed by birth to a far colder climate than that of the Indian valleys.

Be it all as it might, Vengha remained in Scotland and at Inverloch Castle, ostensibly as ayah, or nurse, to the heir of Inverloch, but in reality as the forced companion of her lady, and the agent of the Bramhins near the sacrifices.

As for her duties as nurse, she might have plenty of the energy of vengeance, but in the matter of the energy of work, she could not approach Jess, who, inducted as third nurse in command, after the ayah and the "wet," very soon constituted herself chief in command, by putting the first on one side, and forcing the second, an amiable creature, for the sake of having a quiet life, to let her have all her own way.

And when the little laird was weaned, and the foster-mother shown to the door, though Jess drappit a wee tear for her departure, she was, perhaps, rather glad to have the little Arthur all to herself.





EMBARKING AT SOUTHAMPTON.

For, you see, Jessie knew that she loved the little boy better than she loved anybody in or out of Scotland; and what was more to the purpose, she was quite aware that the poor little boy, quite as good, or as bad, as an orphan, loved her, and her alone; and as the best of women will be a little jealous, it is just possible Jessie Macfarlane did not care that her youngster should like the foster-mother even the least bit in the world.

Jessie had no need to be jealous of the mother—who did not see him, the boy, sometimes once a week. Nay, if she took him for a moment, he would cry as though in the arms of a stranger; and as for the ayah, the little fellow never would stand Vengha's arms for half a moment. He seemed to know that she gloated over him.

So Jessie had the boy all to herself, though it is but just to say she in her heart condemned her lady for not loving the little fellow.

Jessie fancied sometimes that she did like my lady, and at other times that she did not; and all the while they remained in Scotland she never quite made up her mind on that point or no; she never made up her mind on that point all through 1854, 1855, and so on to nearly the end of 1856.

But with regard to Vengha, Jessie made up her mind the moment she saw her, and never altered it for a moment. She did not like her, "though the gude laird save her from hating a body, and she kenned she never could."

And it may be set out here at a blow, that Jessie never did.

Vengha never took in Jessie Macfarlane for one half of the quickest moment that ever was.

In fact, Vengha had a hard time of it.

When she first appeared prowling about the hills, the children took her for a "brownie;" but, after a time, well convinced of her materiality by the stones they flung at her, that she was mortal they rationally varied the phrase, and called her "blacksy."

Throughout the three years Vengha lived in Scotland she made no friend, and sat down hand-in-hand with no human being. If she lived and was well, it was because she lived to hate, and hated cord ally.

All of the "white race" she hated—every one; the baby at the breast, the strong man, the aged woman stumbling towards the



ON THE ISLAND.



grave—brave boys, sweet girls, all were the same to her. She was equal-minded only in this, that she detested them all alike.

Mind, she did not betray her mind in words: leave an Indian good, bad, or indifferent, alone for that. On the contrary, she tried to propitiate people—but somehow her face told such a tale (she had been now more than forty years moulding her features) that it gave the lie direct to her words.

Jessie never gave way to Vengha. Tooth to tooth, inch to inch she fought her, and beat her every time.

Take an instant.

The child is asleep in his crib when Vengha comes in, and marching slowly up to the crib, she looks at the boy. Thereupon Jessie immediately leaves off the industry upon which she is employed for Barty's ultimate benefit, and which is no pretty brace-lets, or a pair of slippers, but two shirts almost as stout as Barty himself, and to be marked with his name, regiment, and company in letters an inch high; be it said she leaves off this praiseworthy employment, and without so much as a by your leave, she pulls round the little plaid curtain so as to hide the boy's features.

"Wherefore?" asks Vengha, in a mild tone. She has asked the same question in a mild tone somewhere, perhaps, about ten thousand times.

"It's could," says Jessie; and as she is a young woman who never wastes time, she sits down near the cot, and goes on with her present to Barty.

But Vengha, on this occasion, tries to plead her own cause.

"Naught else, Jessie?" says Vengha.

Jessie does not hide her impression—indeed, perhaps she is a shade too candid.

"Hey, Mrs. Vengha," she replies, "if ye dinna be verra wishful o' appearing at the bairn, ye may o'ennit, for ye've the evil o'el!"

"Ye hate me, Jessie?"

Whereupon Jessie, biting off a yard and a half of the strongest cotton she could buy, literally for love or money—for the village draper was daffy in love with Jessie—she replies, "Hey, woman—yes!"

"Have I not always smiled?"

"Na doot!"

"And I will always smile!"

"Na doot; boot I'm minded o' arsenic when I see ye! 'Tis verra like to sugar—but 'tis nae sugar, as ye'll ken if ye but taste it!"

"But, Jessie dear," says Vengha, "I can't be a bad woman, or your cruel words would enrage me!"

"Nae, nae," says Jessie; "if ye wur a bonnie lass, and a true lass, ye wad na' be sweet, boot fashed, when a lass told ye ye wur poison! I dinna troost a word ye say, for I ken weel lie ye wur man, and I ken what I ken!"

"What do you know?"

"I ken ye were no fashed when the laird went to the wars; I ken ye're as throng as the de'il when there's mischief afoot; an' the sooner ye sneek the door on the ither side the sooner ye'll gang awa'."

"I forgive you, Jessie."

"I've noo desire to be forgiven. Ye're the clood in the castle, Vengha; and 't's jest maks the castle damp. I dinna like ye Indians. I ken wha I has been toold. I' India are mony braw things; precious stanes, brit flowers, and brither birds, but there be the serpent which jest kills the brit birds; and which when it bites, bites maist waeft. Ha! I been tauld rit!"

"Yes," said Vengha, slowly.

"Eh, woman, then ye are jest the serpent, and 'tis my leddy's the pair bird; and ye no ken the way oot o' the nursery."

Vengha got up, and left the room with silent steps, and so it always happened. Jessie always got the victory, and yet there was a look in Vengha's eyes which said that she was not vanquished.

Time went on, and the year 1856 grew almost to its last weeks.

Whether her ladyship was uneasy or not about the silence of Sir Clive it was quite impossible for the household to say. She said little or nothing to any of the household; neither to Mrs. Krape, the housekeeper, a most motherly kind of woman, nor even to Jessie, when upon each day she saw the boy for a short time. She lived almost wholly by herself, with the exception of Vengha. What they talked about during the long hours they passed together, it was quite impossible for the Scotch household to say.

But what they felt with regard to the lady of the castle was a very different matter. The fact is, there was a total want of sympathy between that lady and the people about her. It is true, the Scotch are not in the habit of laying sentiment on in any very considerable quantities, but they found Lady St. Maur a little too stoney. She was kind to them, spoke gently to them; but every one felt her heart was not wholly in her life. She would give, and look away while she gave; smile, and not look at the person before whom she was smiling.

As for the gentry in the neighbourhood, they had quite given her over. They had tried to make her one of them, and on several occasions they had really thought they had succeeded. She would appear, perhaps happy, gay, and thoroughly English, and then at a following visit she would have regaled all her impenetrable fineness and want of sympathy.

As a professing Christian, she went each Sunday to the parish church, Vengha accompanying her, but not taking any part in the services.

Lady St. Maur would go mechanically through the service, never raising her eyes, barely moving from one set position, and when she left the building she had no kind Sunday words for the people about her. The country folk supposed she was cold-hearted, but it was clear from her manner that she did not care what was thought of her.

Of course she had abandoned the Indian style of dressing, and yet there was a reminiscence of it in her o've of white, and in the curl-clustered way in which she wore her hair.

Of a morning she was generally dressed in a soft, white, cashmere dressing-gown, trimmed with fur, her little shoes being of white, or pale dappled deer-skin; and even her favourite chair was covered with white velvet.

Her chief amusement was music, and her proficiency on the pianoforte was something marvellous. Had you heard her playing without seeing her, you would have thought, from the music you were hearing, that the player was a very gentle, sad, and endearing human being.

Well, one day, towards the end of December, and as the raw and gusty day was coming to an end in a swirl of grey and leaden-coloured clouds, which had been beaten by the winds into all manner of ragged shapes; when the landscape was barren, and the road very deserted; when it was a sweet comfort to mark the curling blue smoke rising from a cottage, or the flash of the necessary fire (for, you know, there's smoke without fire) careering out through the cottage window, uncontained, as though to let nature see what a home really was; when man and beast were sheltering and being sheltered for the night; when the snow lay thick and the branches looked frightened, white as they were with sparkling frost, there came tramping on a heavy grey horse a solitary traveller.

He was much wrapped up, so, perhaps, they had a good excuse in the village for not recognising him; and he held his head rather lowly, and he rode quite through the village without one half greeting, even.

Getting through the village, he hesitated; his horse rapping the hard ground angrily with his foot, and then with a kind of come-what-may air, he once more put his horse to the trot, and went on in the direction of Inverloch Castle.

It was almost dark when he reached the lodge, and the "Who be ye?" of the keeper fell heavily on his heart.

The keeper recognised the new-comer.

"I beg yer pardon, Sir Clive. I didna ken 'twas ye. Welcome to Inverloch, Sir Clive."

It was a drear welcome home, and Sir Clive felt that it was so; but he felt that it was in a great measure his own fault. He had hesitated to send in any notice of his arrival in the north, and hiring a horse at the nearest railway station, he had rode over totally unaccompanied.

"And how are you, Alick?"

"Oh, I see pretty purely," said the keeper, a Scotticised Yorkshireman.

The house was some quarter of a mile from the lodge, and refusing the keeper's offer to run on before him, he himself made for the old house of his people.

As he approached the house, or rather castle, it looked drear enough in all conscience, and a screaming, whirling but did not help to mend matters; nor did the hoarse, angry receptions of the dogs fall pleasantly on his ears.

He rang the bell—that bell that had awed him in his childhood when a visitor at the great castle—and the very sound was ominous.

A man opened the door, and again he heard a welcome, such as that uttered by the keeper.

But this time he was not recognised till the housekeeper, Mrs. Krape, who had heard the unusual summons on the castle bell, came forward, and gave the servants to understand who it was who stood like a stranger on the threshold.

"My lady is in the north wing blue room, Sir Clive. Shall one of the men inform my lady that—"

"No, thank you. Kindly show me the room yourself, Mrs. Krape. There's no need to announce me."

The housekeeper led the way, and the master of the place followed her like some stranger, rather than the owner.

His heart was as heavy as lead; and yet, spite of that despair, he loved Lota as truly as he ever had, which was not weakly.

"Anybody with your lady?" asked Sir Clive.

"Mrs. Vengha," said the housekeeper, in a short, quick way.

The door was reached, and the housekeeper was about to tap at it, when Sir Clive stopped her hand and said, "That will do, Mrs. Krape; you can kindly go."

He waited till the housekeeper's footsteps had died away, and then he opened the door.

It was clear that she had been seated at Vengha's feet as he opened the portal, but when he stood in the room, Lota was standing.

"Who is that?" she asked, quickly.

The room was large and not well-lit.

"Your husband, Lotty."

There was a faint, glai cry, a faint start forward, and then an awkward hesitation. All these things he marked, and as he did so he knew, though he had required no need to be told, that the skeleton he had left in the house still remained in it.

There was something that stood between their natural love of husband and of wife. Of what this consisted he had no power to tell. He only knew that it was so.

Vengha did not move after rising; her eyes were fixed upon Lota.

"Have you no word of welcome, Lotty?"

"Well—welcome to your castle, Sir Clive."

"Why not say welcome home, Lotty?"

"Welcome home," she said, earnestly, and so earnestly that the words brightened his heart, and he took his wife eagerly to his breast. But the next moment he knew that she had half shrunk from him, exactly as a little child who half doubts you, and half loves you, will shrink from an embrace.

He thought it was aversion on her part. Now, perhaps, on the other hand, it was repentance. The action coldened the expression of his love in a moment; it could not weaken that passion itself. He loved for life.

As he loosened his hold about her, he saw Vengha.

"What does that woman do here?"

"Sahib," said Vengha, "I am the Lady St. Maur's companion."

"You can leave the room."

Vengha bowed, and then moved slowly from the room. She exhibited no passion of any kind—patience apart, patience being a kind of passion so rare that we can hardly call it one.

The fact of at last being alone with his wife reanimated him.

"My darling," he said, drawing her to him, and sitting down with her upon a sofa near the fire—"my darling, did you think I was never coming home again? Well, have I improved? As for you, you would look magnificent, were you not so worn-looking. What has been the matter?"

"I think," said Lota, timidly toying with her husband's temple hair, just as though she had no right to do so—"I think the climate's telling on me."

And as though in corroboration of her words, a sharp quick cough seized her.

"My poor child!" said St. Maur; "why did you not write and tell me? You must go to a warmer climate—you must return to India. I have done wrong to keep away from you so long, my darling."

"No, no; don't take me back to India."

Here the door opened, and Vengha stood upon the threshold.

"Did my lady call?" she asked.

"No," Lota returned; and, as she spoke, she began to tremble.

The Indian bowed, and left the room once more, but her look and action both showed she had heard Lota's words.

"But you do not speak of our darling," said St. Maur, in a shaking voice.

"He—he has grown so handsome," said Lota, in a scared sort of way; "he—he grows handsomer every day. He is asleep now, in the nursery."

"Let us go and see him," said St. Maur; for the feeling of being at home, however much his fear in approaching it, dazzled him into a show of gladness which a something at his heart told him was only assumed.

"Come, my darling," he said, as she stood, still scared, playing with his buttons; "you forget how hungry I am to see our little one."

His words were so cheery and kind that for a moment they brought back into her face the cheerful joyfulness which had distinguished it for a few moments after he entered the room. Then, again, the dazed expression came over his face, and St. Maur felt that they were, in soul, a long, long way apart.

"Come," he said again; and taking her hand, he rather led her than she him, to the boy's nursery. It is very rare that a mother has need to be coaxed to her own nursery; it is equally rare for a wife to half-hang back when the long absent husband talks of their children.

The nursery reached, Jessie was found by-by-ing, in that jerky style common to nurses from John o' Groat's to Land's-end. The little boy was in her arms, and had fallen to sleep there; one well-shaped and satiny arm falling over Jessie's red cuddling limb; and there it was, clasping some tiny plaything, swinging backwards and forwards, as the nurse banged backwards and forwards in her chair.

The father and mother had entered without knocking, and Jessie's back was towards them.

Jessie, however, heard the heavy tread of the soldier-father as he approached, and she turned upon the sound, with all the courage which was to stand her one day in good stead, and faced the intruders.

It was quite a mercy she did not drop the heir of Inverloch. She was literally a uned.

To see her lady in the nursery at that hour was so astonishing, as, in itself, to be half a miracle. But to note her, accompanied by a braw gentleman, completely took her breath away.

"Wha wad ye be pleasin', my lady?"

And here, St. Clive, unable to control himself, walked forward, and plucked his son from Jessie's arms. The heir of Inverloch, however, gave his father as unfriendly a welcome as the rest of the household; and for the same reason—he was a stranger.

"Hey, 'tis Sir Clive!" screamed Jessie, and this was the first fresh welcome St. Maur had received on his own land.

And then, while he caressed the little fellow, his wife stood away awkward and trembling.

Why did she tremble?

Because she loved the child, and feared to foster that love. She remembered the oath in the temple, and remembering feared it.

The poor and truly lonely father kissed the little fellow, spite of all his cries and battling; and when he gave the boy back to Jessie there were tears in his eyes, and as neither of Jessie's were dry, we must accept her excuse, made to the second nurse after Sir Clive and his lady had left the nursery, that "'twas naething boot the could."

The next morning came Vengha to the nursery.

"Hey," said Jessie, "you're betimes; and for nae good, I see warrant."

"Jessie, would you love to go to India?"

"Nae; what I ken o' it, woman, is enough."

"Jessie," she continued, in the same set, dead voice, "would you wish to part with the young laird?"

Jessie looked up, with something of Vengha's own look. Perhaps she had unconsciously learnt it of her.

"Ye ken weel I'll no part wi' the bairn."

"Then thou wilt go to India."

"I dinna see it."

"For Sir Clive, and my lady, and the young heir are to start for India almost directly."

"How do you ken that?" asked Jessie.

"'Tis the truth."

"Then I'll no leave the bairn."

"So you will go to India!" said Vengha, a red something, like the shadow of blood, rising in her face. "Well, you have shown me how a Scotchwoman treats an Indian in Scotland; it will be for me to teach you how an Indian treats a Scotchwoman in India."

"Heot—hoot, woman!" said Jessie. "Gif everybody treated everybody, and everybody could be treated, I see warrant I'd ken one wha'd no be here to-day. I'll be gaugin' to Indy, and—and if Barty Sanderson—"

Here she broke down.

The fact was, Highland Jessie's love was pulling different ways; and as she became tearfully silent, it is just possible that in the true illogical way of women, she determined to compensate all things by cistiking and distrusting the woman Vengha more than she ever had.

What the Indian said was quite true.

Within five minutes of Sir Clive's return home, and upon his saying that she should return to India, she had shrunk from the suggestion in evident terror.

And yet on the following morning she asked, tremblingly, if he would keep his promise, and take her back to India. And when he said yes, she shivered and fainted.

And as Vengha had not seen Lota in the morning before she carried the Indian news to Jessie, which was a fact Jessie found out, it was evident, when, after a time, Jessie put this and that together with the ability of a clear-brained Scotch lassie, that Vengha had spoken of the return of the family to India, before the head of the family had decided upon going.

And before Lady St. Maur, pale and broken-looking, entered the nursery that morning, Jessie had hurried over her ordinary industry, and was hard at work upon those stout shirts, for fear she should not finish them for Barty before leaving for India.

See little thought how soon they and he were to follow her to Hindostan.

"Did I not tell you the truth?" asked Vengha of Jessie, after the news of the coming departure spread through the house.

"Hey!" said Jessie; "and ye maun regret it, woman, for its verra little o' the truth that ever sa's from yer mouth."

Within a week, and when the Christmas-loving people were counting the days on to Christmas, Sir Clive, Lady St. Maur, their son, and suite had turned their backs upon the north, en route for India.

## CHAPTER XII.

### TRANSIT.

HAVE you ever stood (if they would let you) on the quay at Southampton docks, and seen the rush upon one of the P. and O. boats, on the overland mail service?

An hour, and the quay will be comparatively silent. Now on all sides is bustle. Here is a group of men, clearly military officers; though they are not in uniform. One will carry a sword, a second an Indian sin-hat, a third be talking to an orderly. On another you will see fussy ladies, hurrying about as though the last bell had rung; and there are the calm, self-controlled ladies, one sewing, another crocheting, as though sitting in their own parlours, and not expecting their husbands till five to dinner. This is embarking for India, as the black ayah will prove to you; for if not, why should she be here? Hurry and bustle, and run, but it will be generally found that those who hurry themselves last get on board first, and generally get on most comfortably in all ways.

Then a bell, a deal of bawling, ropes-hauling, and painful good-byeing and handkerchief waving, and the good ship is on her way.

In that especial ship which we see gliding over the water, St. Maur, his wife, their son, Jessie, and Vengha, are on their way to India.

The vessel is full of troops—hearty gay fellows, meeting, for the greater part, all things with good temper.

No warning is given of what is going to happen in India, for Vengha is silent as she looks on those whom she thinks will be victims. The men scrub themselves, or beautify themselves, or lather their clothes—they come out in dazzling white—they play pranks with each other—but Vengha feels no pity. They may be as hearty and as lively as boys, but in them Vengha only sees a few of those whom she hates.

The good boat goes on well—Alexandria is reached. Again there is a hurrying and scurrying by the flustered as they embark; and again the sensible ladies sit down quietly knitting or reading, as though waiting for their husbands to come home to dinner at five. Then there is the hurried railroad journey partly over the desert, with the donkeys to follow; and then comes the second vessel, and another embarkation; and now, as they settle down, they shall not be disturbed again till the vessel is riding at anchor off Calcutta.

Then the steaming begins again, and the human freight is being steamed swiftly down the Red Sea.

See—on the quarter-deck sits Lota, looking back towards England. She is clothed in her favourite white. Her husband is near her, and their boy is playing at her feet, Jessie keeping one eye on the young laird and another on some linen she is making up as a kind of Scotch sacrificial consolation for losing him—for a time.

They are two days' steam from port, and, as it is evening time, the band is playing on the quarter-deck, and some dancing is going on. If you look towards the soldiers' quarters in the fore, you would see them jollily and furtively miming the manners of the chief cabin passengers.

All is quite quiet at sea—'tis like a mirror.

"Nothing will intervene," thinks Lota; "India will claim me, and him, and our boy! I have no power to oppose—nothing can stay us!"

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For sale, in 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 5s. 6d., 6s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 8s. 6d., 9s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 11s. 6d., 12s. 6d., 13s. 6d., 14s. 6d., 15s. 6d., 16s. 6d., 17s. 6d., 18s. 6d., 19s. 6d., 20s. 6d., 21s. 6d., 22s. 6d., 23s. 6d., 24s. 6d., 25s. 6d., 26s. 6d., 27s. 6d., 28s. 6d., 29s. 6d., 30s. 6d., 31s. 6d., 32s. 6d., 33s. 6d., 34s. 6d., 35s. 6d., 36s. 6d., 37s. 6d., 38s. 6d., 39s. 6d., 40s. 6d., 41s. 6d., 42s. 6d., 43s. 6d., 44s. 6d., 45s. 6d., 46s. 6d., 47s. 6d., 48s. 6d., 49s. 6d., 50s. 6d., 51s. 6d., 52s. 6d., 53s. 6d., 54s. 6d., 55s. 6d., 56s. 6d., 57s. 6d., 58s. 6d., 59s. 6d., 60s. 6d., 61s. 6d., 62s. 6d., 63s. 6d., 64s. 6d., 65s. 6d., 66s. 6d., 67s. 6d., 68s. 6d., 69s. 6d., 70s. 6d., 71s. 6d., 72s. 6d., 73s. 6d., 74s. 6d., 75s. 6d., 76s. 6d., 77s. 6d., 78s. 6d., 79s. 6d., 80s. 6d., 81s. 6d., 82s. 6d., 83s. 6d., 84s. 6d., 85s. 6d., 86s. 6d., 87s. 6d., 88s. 6d., 89s. 6d., 90s. 6d., 91s. 6d., 92s. 6d., 93s. 6d., 94s. 6d., 95s. 6d., 96s. 6d., 97s. 6d., 98s. 6d., 99s. 6d., 100s. 6d., 101s. 6d., 102s. 6d., 103s. 6d., 104s. 6d., 105s. 6d., 106s. 6d., 107s. 6d., 108s. 6d., 109s. 6d., 110s. 6d., 111s. 6d., 112s. 6d., 113s. 6d., 114s. 6d., 115s. 6d., 116s. 6d., 117s. 6d., 118s. 6d., 119s. 6d., 120s. 6d., 121s. 6d., 122s. 6d., 123s. 6d., 124s. 6d., 125s. 6d., 126s. 6d., 127s. 6d., 128s. 6d., 129s. 6d., 130s. 6d., 131s. 6d., 132s. 6d., 133s. 6d., 134s. 6d., 135s. 6d., 136s. 6d., 137s. 6d., 138s. 6d., 139s. 6d., 140s. 6d., 141s. 6d., 142s. 6d., 143s. 6d., 144s. 6d., 145s. 6d., 146s. 6d., 147s. 6d., 148s. 6d., 149s. 6d., 150s. 6d., 151s. 6d., 152s. 6d., 153s. 6d., 154s. 6d., 155s. 6d., 156s. 6d., 157s. 6d., 158s. 6d., 159s. 6d., 160s. 6d., 161s. 6d., 162s. 6d., 163s. 6d., 164s. 6d., 165s. 6d., 166s. 6d., 167s. 6d., 168s. 6d., 169s. 6d., 170s. 6d., 171s. 6d., 172s. 6d., 173s. 6d., 174s. 6d., 175s. 6d., 176s. 6d., 177s. 6d., 178s. 6d., 179s. 6d., 180s. 6d., 181s. 6d., 182s. 6d., 183s. 6d., 184s. 6d., 185s. 6d., 186s. 6d., 187s. 6d., 188s. 6d., 189s. 6d., 190s. 6d., 191s. 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6d., 738s. 6d., 739s. 6d., 740s. 6d., 741s. 6d., 742s. 6d., 743s. 6d., 744s. 6d., 745s. 6d., 746s. 6d., 747s. 6d., 748s. 6d., 749s. 6d., 750s. 6d., 751s. 6d., 752s. 6d., 753s. 6d., 754s. 6d., 755s. 6d., 756s. 6d., 757s. 6d., 758s. 6d., 759s. 6d., 760s. 6d., 761s. 6d., 762s. 6d., 763s. 6d., 764s. 6d., 765s. 6d., 766s. 6d., 767s. 6d., 768s. 6d., 769s. 6d., 770s. 6d., 771s. 6d., 772s. 6d., 773s. 6d., 774s. 6d., 775s. 6d., 776s. 6d., 777s. 6d., 778s. 6d., 779s. 6d., 780s. 6d., 781s. 6